henry b. fuller

ILLINOIS HISTORICAL SURVEY

W. E. Shepherd.

Neil

Hogg

Jan 1930

HENRY B. FULLER

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Tributes to

Henry B.

from friends in whose minds
and hearts he will live always

compiled and edited by
Anna Morgan

Ralph Fletcher Seymour
Publisher

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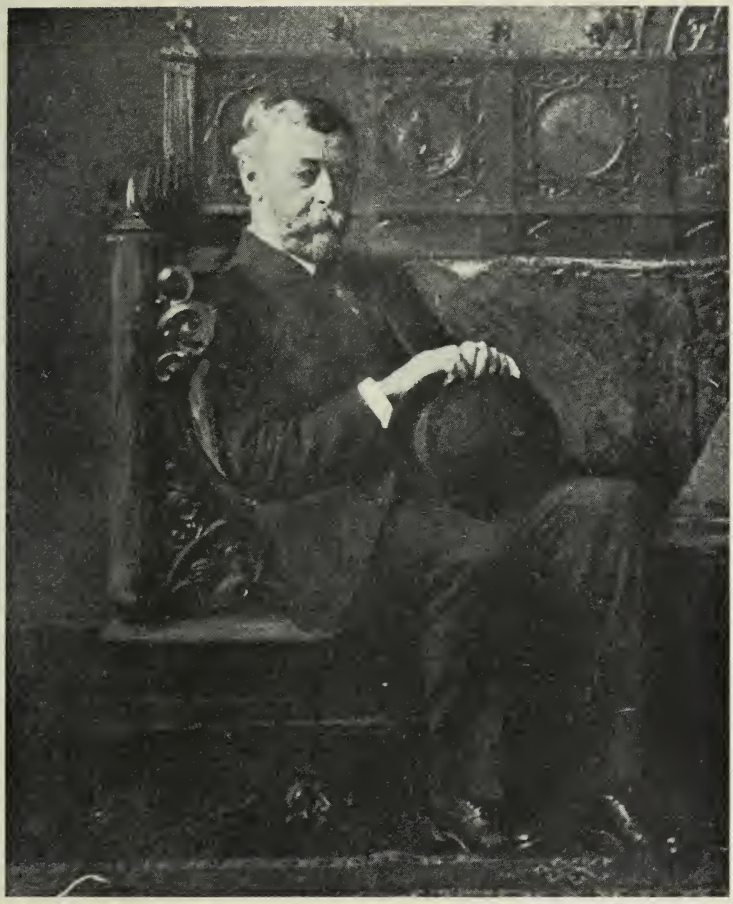
Anna Morgan



Photographed by Mary H. Beman, 1908

". . . for in my mind is fixed—and goes to my heart, the dear kind, paternal image of you, when in the world, hour by hour, you taught me how man makes himself eternal."

Inferno XV, 82-85.

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Ill. Hist. Survey

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His soul was too aware
To leave earth's thoroughfare,
His art a thing too bright
To usher in the night.

Agnes Lee.

From Anna Morgan

When I came to Chicago with my mother and her family in 1878 we lived for a term of years at 447 West Washington Street. Visiting our next door neighbor from time to time I frequently met Mrs. George Wood Fuller, a handsome woman, who often mentioned her son Henry, which, however, made no impression on me. How little I imagined that he was to become one of my best friends and one who would play an important part in the subsequent years of my life. Such, however, was the case. I first met Henry Fuller in 1893 at an organization of the The Little Room Club, of which we were charter members. He was urbane and reticent in manner, having no appearance of an author who had already acquired instant recognition and much approval from William Dean Howells and other eastern men of letters. The club first met in Bessie Potter's (now Mrs. Vonnoh's) studio in Van Buren Street, but with the opening of the Fine Arts Building was removed to Ralph Clarkson's studio, where it has continued to meet up to the present time. Here, as our common friend, Hobart C. Chatfield-Taylor, has mentioned in this book, Henry seemed to be the presiding genius at its Friday afternoon meetings. Being unmarried and having no family life, this became the scene of his meeting with his friends in an intimate way

and where he felt entirely at home. Many in writing of him have alluded to his reticence and shyness, which were characteristic of him in a marked degree, but I never saw him with his friends when he was not the dominating figure, as he sat sipping a cup of tea while dispensing the most charming and witty conversation, and if he failed to appear when expected, which seldom happened, there was a disappointment, an immediate and keen sense of loss, so charming was his presence, and a general question arose, "Where is Henry B. today?"

In addition to these weekly meetings with him in the Clarkson studio, he was a frequent and interested visitor to my studios in The Fine Arts Building for twenty-eight years. He came to rehearsals, talked with my students, became their friend, and inquired about those occupying professional positions, up to the day of his death. He took a great interest in the plays which I produced, among which were "A Stranger Within the Gates" and "Afterglow," from his volume of plays, "The Puppet Booth." In 1898 I gave the first American production of "The Fan," which Henry translated from the Italian of Goldoni especially for my use. In 1896 I gave the first American production of an Ibsen play, "The Master Builder," in English, also one of Maeterlinck's, "The Intruder." Henry resented the lack of appreciation and co-operation shown by the newspapers, and in an article which he wrote for *The Atlantic Monthly* on things dramatic in 1898 he said, "Little can be found for approval beyond the efforts of Miss Anna Morgan, who gives infrequent performances of Ibsen, Maeterlinck, and the like, a work which she carries on with great enthusiasm and optimism despite the indifference of the middle public and the resentment of the newspaper press." At the risk

of seeming too personal in my account of my friend, I wish to recount some incidents in my intercourse with him which will reveal characteristics not known to those who met him less intimately.

At Eastgate Cottage, my country home in Ravinia, he was a frequent visitor, making his headquarters at the Ralph Seymours', who lived in adjoining grounds to mine, and coming over to my cottage for luncheon and to spend the afternoons reading whatever new book was of interest. I recall that one book, a silly one by Mark Twain, *Is Shakespeare Dead?* happened to lie on the table. He said, as he picked it up, "I don't like it but I suppose we must read it." On this occasion Mrs. Seymour had gone to pay a visit and had left her daughter Serenity, then a mere baby, in our charge, with strict instructions that we must make her take a nap. Henry's efforts to accomplish this were most amusing. One summer day I asked Henry to escort our dear friend Mary H. Wilmarth out to my cottage. When they arrived Mrs. Wilmarth said "I am very much elated to have Mr. Fuller for a beau." The occasion was Mrs. Wilmarth's birthday. I remember that the Arthur Aldis's came up from Lake Forest for dinner and that Mrs. Aldis crowned Mrs. Wilmarth with a wreath of flowers as she recited a bit of verse which she improvised for the occasion, while Henry sat huddled up in a corner of the sofa, his face covered with his hands, his custom when listening to others' "doings." Later Henry and I skipped through the woods to attend the Ravinia Opera which was in its first season. In 1911 I gave an afternoon party for the W. J. Calhouns in the woods behind my cottage. The Calhouns were here on a vacation from his duties as Minister to China. I remember what fun Henry and Clifford Raymond had hanging the American

and Chinese flags to decorate the front gate and how Henry was one of the men who carried Mrs. Calhoun in a Sedan chair (which had been presented to me) to the waiting motor, then quite a novelty, and in which she and Mr. Calhoun had driven up from Lake Forest with the Chatfield-Taylors whose guests they were there.

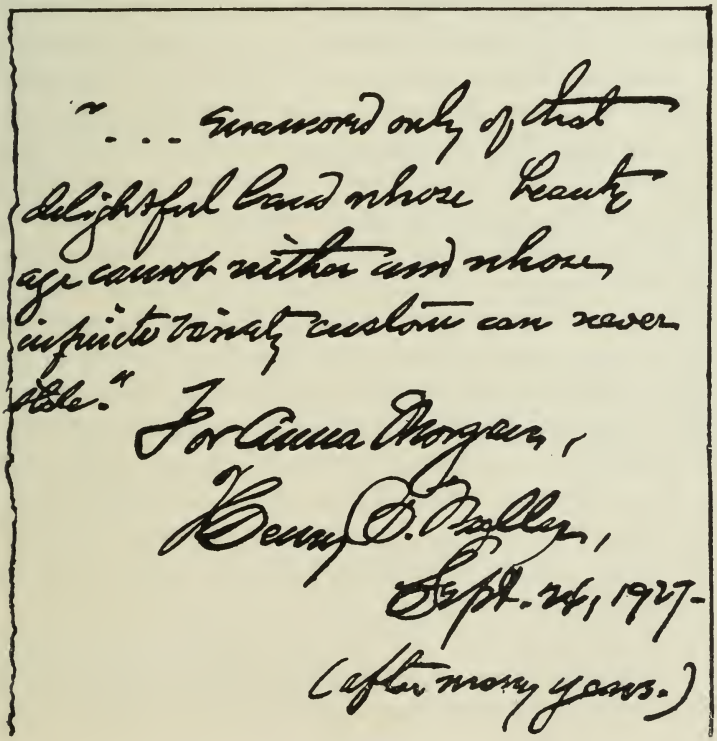
On Henry's seventieth birthday, January 9th, 1927, I gave him a surprise party in my apartment. His friends declared it couldn't be done, that he would suspect the scheme and would not appear. But my plan carried successfully. I invited him to meet Mrs. Calhoun, who was here from China, and Harriet Monroe. After luncheon he sat complacently giving us an account which he had recently read of de Maupassant and *The Necklace* and in which he seemed most interested. Finally the bell rang and in walked our friend Lorado Taft. He was quickly followed by many others, bringing original poems and presents to Henry's complete surprise and delight. No one who was present will ever forget the boyish delight and naiveté with which he opened the various packages which ranged from books to marbles, and his charming and witty comments made on them and the various poems which were read.

For a number of years he had been in the habit of joining a group of friends at my home for Thanksgiving dinner, where he met a number of young men with whom he was *en rapport* and where he was always the gayest of the gay, entertaining us by popping corn, cracking nuts, reading from his *Lines Long and Short,* ending by playing that appealing song *Juanita* on the piano and to which he gave a most charming and lovely interpretation.

On July 26th he appeared at my door about six o'clock. I exclaimed, "Oh! Henry, I am so glad, you are just in time

to drive with me and some friends out to Ravinia to hear the new opera!" He sank into a chair looking very pale and weak, saying, "Oh no, Anna, I can't. My doctor says no more excursions for me." As we drove away he waved his hand and with his alluring smile said, "Good bye." That was the end. After three days he was dead. And now dear friend—Farewell.

I was the happy possessor of a first edition copy of *The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani* which in some way was lost. In 1927 he presented me with a new copy with the following inscription—the closing lines of *The Chevalier*.


"... Guardsward only of that
delightful land whose beauty
age cannot wither and whose
infinite variety custom can never
stale."
For Anna Morgan,
Henry S. Bagley,
Sept. 26, 1927.
(after many years.)

From James Taft Hatfield

FULLER'S EARLIER DAYS

People say of Henry Fuller that he had a deep interest in the higher values of civilization: it would be more exact to assert that he had, from childhood, a passion for self-culture which dominated his entire life. Two quaint notebooks of his twelfth year are preserved, written in an uncouth hand, containing essays, poems, enigmas, and a romantic little play, *Blanch and Rosalinda.* When fifteen years old, he wrote in his diary: "I awoke one morning and found myself famous!" He had just published, in two Sunday editions of the *Chicago Tribune,* articles on "The Marriage Question."

While attending the public school, where he was at the top of his class (his "general average" always hovered around the mark 99), he was assiduously engaged in collecting a private library, and in filling his diary with profound observations on books, music, the drama, architecture, and the beauties of nature. "I have come to various conclusions on genius," he records at this period. He was of none-too-robust health, but his scant free time was devoted to the reading (often before breakfast) of mature writers (Goldsmith, Dickens, Bulwer, Scott, Johnson, and the like), and he developed real proficiency in music and drawing. On his own account he read, in the original, a number of the best plays of Goethe and Schiller. He expressed his ambition "to be a master of the English tongue," and to become a writer of character-fiction.

At fifteen, having secured the first medal in the Moseley School, he was advanced to the South Division High School, where he showed the same superiority (his record for one

October was 99.8), was graduated in 1876, and wrote the mournful prophecy, "Our Commencement. My school-days probably over for aye." He had triumphantly done the four-years' course in three years of actual schooling: the second year had been spent in the Allison Academy at Oconomowoc ("the happiest year of my life"), while the third year was entirely taken up with a clerkship in Ovington's glass and crockery emporium on State Street.

He returned to this business after graduation from high school, and continued in it for another year, when he was "set free from daily contact with the things I loathe," and became a messenger in the Bank of Illinois, later in the Home National Bank. During all these years he was unremittingly

Seeking the Grecian country with his soul—

exiled in a community in which the best minds went directly into practical business, and which looked with scarcely-veiled contempt on anyone who lived mainly for the higher values of the spirit. "Oh, to find a few in this rough and tumble squabble for dollars and cents, dollars and cents, who can find in books something better than bullion, and in culture something higher than cash," he wrote in 1876.

His diary contains a long poem, "Private Thoughts," the most intimate confession of a soul reaching out for a nutrition denied in its own surroundings:

"I've had ambitions; could they breathe this air?
It stifled them, or dwarfed them down, at least. . . .
I'd see and hear the best of all the good;

And if it were forbid me to create,
I still could love, admire, appreciate:—
Here such a life is not e'en understood. . . .

I'd build, or write, or souls with music thrill;
And I would know the Old World through and through."

By 1878, this yearning to see the countries of his desire had risen almost to an obsession: he sketched out, to the last day and place, any number of provisional tours that he was minded to make. A certain long sketch proved rather puzzling at the first reading: it was a realistically circumstantial account of a carriage-trip along the Corniche Road, with various detailed accounts of visits to English, French, Spanish and Scotch cathedrals and abbeys (cathedrals remained his chief admiration), told with such fullness that it was hard to realize that these are simply pictures in his richly-stocked imagination. At last, in August, 1879, by some unexplained good fortune, he was permitted to sail for England and the Continent, where for a full year he feasted his soul on the objects of his desire.

It may be asserted that never has there been a more passionate or more solitary pilgrim, who threw his whole soul into the complete exploitation of his hunger and thirst for the rich fruits of humane culture. England, France, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Holland, Belgium, Scotland—each of these countries meant for him a systematic, thoroughgoing campaign, defining the broad outlines, and exhausting the smallest details, until the conquest was complete. He immersed himself in native surroundings, and made intimate use of the language of the people. More especially, his months in Rome stand as an example of persistent, exhaustive penetration into the last nooks and corners of what the Eternal City holds of cultural value. Wherever he went, he held to his own verdicts: be a work never so famous, if it had no appeal to him, he passed it by, and went on to discover hidden things that ministered to his own necessities.

A charming Puckish trait, so well known to his friends, came out in his single-handed martial exploits in the Befana and the Carnival.

Five further European expeditions consolidated his gains, besides opening to him Spain, Algiers, and Sicily. After 1924, he was content to remain in the United States; he had various periods of residence in New York City, but came to say with conviction: "I was born and brought up in Chicago, and there I belong."

This sketch has reached its full length without having touched upon the real essence of the man, or the nature of the charm which he cast upon those who knew him—who would attempt the task? This rare spirit is gone: will Chicago ever discover or do justice to its equal?

JAMES TAFT HATFIELD.

From Grace Goodman Mauran

A TRIBUTE TO THE CHEVALIER

In our retrospective talks we have always referred to Henry Fuller as the "Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani." My husband, in his boyhood, was a neighbor and playmate of the Chevalier.

"You know," he says, "Harry was not really one of the boys, often while we were frolicking, he preferred to knit, or to play a sonata, but when it was a matter of running a race 'Bub,' as we often called him, would beat every one of us, much to our chagrin. Once when a crowd of us was standing before a hole that had been dug for a tree that was to be planted Harry came along and quietly pushed one of the boys into the hole, and was promptly thrashed for his pains."

I hope in later years this youth was proud of being on such intimate terms with the Chevalier.

Now in our own later years we have again found ourselves a neighbor of the Chevalier, though our relations have been limited to occasional glimpses of him as he took his walks, or with the morning papers under his arm emerged from a small park on the edge of the lake, and glided into some nearby café. We knew that he lived close at hand, and I wondered whether he entertained the same sentiments expressed at the close of his first famous book. "He could still congratulate himself on his exemption from the burdens of wealth, chafings of domestic relations, the martyrdom of a great ambition, and the dwarfing provincialism that comes from one settled home."

"And how," I asked myself, "can a man who wrote the 'Chevalier,' who has lived in France and Italy and has written such immortal words about those countries be content to end his days in Chicago's Hyde Park?" But after reading *Gardens of This World* I knew that the real Chevalier was not the man we had seen about Hyde Park. No. Pensieri-Vani was still living in Italy, "enamored only of that delightful land whose beauty age cannot wither and whose infinite variety custom cannot stale."

GRACE GOODMAN MAURAN.

From H. Avis Perdue

Henry B. Fuller and I were classmates in the South Division High School from which we were graduated in 1876. "Harry" was in those days a slender, fair haired, light-hearted, fun loving boy, very friendly in his manners. He was full of boyish pranks, fond of writing notes and verses

Henry B. Fuller
Age Five Years

and was much given to drawing caricatures of some of the boys and girls who interested and amused him. He frequently came to school with his pockets filled with delicious cookies from his mother's pantry which he shared with us at the luncheon hour and was in every way the kind and gentle boy who developed into the kind and gentle man for which traits he was known and loved all his life. He had even at that time a fine command of English and expressed himself with clearness and charm and was invariably requested by the principal to read his really delightful papers aloud before the members of his class which he did with perfect ease. We listened to him with flattering attention, predicting even then great things for him in the world of letters which he more than realized.

H. Avis Perdue.

AN APPRECIATION OF THE WORK OF HENRY B. FULLER

Copy of a leaf from the diary of Albert Hale, commercial attaché to American Embassy, Calle Charcas, Buenos Aires, Argentina.

August, 1916.

We were shown into the main patio of the Mitre Museum, which was the home of the Mitre family. The nation purchased it and preserved everything just as it was when that great soldier-hero, President Bartolomé Mitre, died. We found a long receiving line of the famous families of Mitres and Dragos there to welcome us headed by the eighty-three-year-old sister of the late President, Edelmina Mitre de Rosende, the greatest lady in Argentina; next to her, Senora Defina Mitre de Drago, his daughter, who is the widow of

Dr. Drago, the family famous for the Drago doctrine, as well-known in Argentina as the Monroe Doctrine in the U. S. A. Next in line was Jorge Mitre de Drago, director of the greatest newspaper in all South America, "La Nacion," founded by his grandfather, General Mitre. Then came their families, all there to welcome us because they love Ida and respect me.

Senora Delfina showed us everything and explained much that we could not have learned otherwise. At last she said, "I will show you my father's quarters." With loving reverence she picked up a book half open lying face downwards on the night-stand beside her father's bed.

"Now you will understand why I'm so interested in Chicago, even more so than any other city in the U. S. A. This book, *The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani,* my father enjoyed re-reading, and expressed a wish to meet the author, Henry B. Fuller of Chicago, Illinois, where you dear people come from. Not only was my father charmed with the work of Mr. Fuller, but I am informed on good authority that William Ewart Gladstone read it with equal appreciation in the last days of his life."

She was radiant with pleasure when we told her that Henry Fuller was a near neighbor and life-long friend of the Hales and was a classmate of my sister, Fanny Hale. Again she said "What a charming book!" and reverently replaced it face downwards on the little night-stand beside her father's bed.

What greater tribute could be given any author than that by this great lady who has traveled much, read much, speaks several languages, and whose life has been spent midst men and women of letters, art and diplomacy from all parts of the world?

ALBERT HALE.

P. S. At a meeting of the Friends in Council in Chicago, in the autumn of 1919, when the wives of great men was the topic of the day, Elizabeth, wife of William Ewart Gladstone, was studied. Again Henry B. Fuller's great book was mentioned as amongst those read and enjoyed during the last days of Mr. Gladstone's life.

IDA V. HALE.

From Louise Van Hess Young

HENRY FULLER AND THE DUNES

For fifteen years Henry B. Fuller was one of the closest of the Top o' Dune family. Even before, in the years of the garden activities in town, he was a part of everything—giving help in many ways—advising, encouraging and appreciating. I remember one day in spring—cold, rainy—a bit of snow now and then, just enough to make one remember and believe in warmer weather. I waited at the window to call him in to breakfast in the garden and to see my Darwin tulips which had opened in the night and made a sight for the gods. And who would see them first? Henry B. of course. So to the garden I led my friend under an umbrella; and there we sat under the mulberry tree, drinking our coffee and feasting upon Darwin tulips while the rain came down to give *them* a drink. I heard him excuse himself for this kindness in remarking later—that he took off his hat to such enthusiasm inspired by a backyard. And such was the beginning of my going to him with my joys and sorrows, always finding comfort and help.

The life at Top o' Dune was near his idea of how one should pass the time—a time for work, for rest, and for play

—the best art, the best food and the best thoughts one could muster—for could we do less, with that beautiful blue, green, purple sea before us? Always singing and changing from hour to hour. And at night before the open fire—our long talks with the younger group—I recall his enjoyment of their ideas, and his haste to settle the world questions. A quiet voice from the big chair in the shadow of the fireplace would make this statement: "Nothing new under the sun, my boy, I went through this same talk in my youth, but you must go over the same field I suppose—one can't help much, it seems." We always had *Lines Long and Short* for breakfast, making him read aloud on the little hill where we took the breakfast tray.

Hours of talk followed in giving a sketch of the people who made up this remarkable book. After the reading we all went about our work, Henry B. seeing that this or that were mended—water—wood—down to the correction of a poem, advice on a first novel—questions answered and even listening to someone's first poem! He liked to call Top o' Dune a "going concern" and he liked being the most "going" of them all—which he was up to the very last. At luncheon we talked over the work done in the morning, and then Henry B. gave himself up to being a boy. For three hours no one knew where he went. The boys found him under a tree, his clothes still near the water—and then we found out he had "gone down to the sea again." He loved the sea, but not less the sand and the growing things upon the sands.

His love of the small animals was one of the dearest things about him. Many a time we talked of the actions of human beings, religion and the life to come. Always we ended nowhere, only once he said, "The older I grow I know less

and less of what is best, wise and good. And so far as bad goes—I don't remember in my life any really bad person." We often talked of the spirit world. This, too, was a question, though it greatly interested him.

He loved Top o' Dune—"A house of dreams untold—to look out over the tree tops and face the setting sun." And here it was Henry B. found joy and rest and good cheer.

The Dunes can never be the same without him.

LOUISE VAN HESS YOUNG.

From Max von Lüttichau

It was always cheerfulness and kindliness that surrounded Henry B., and the keen interest he showed in everything made him the most delightful companion. He was a frequent visitor at my house at the Dunes. He loved the quiet and restfulness of the place.

I recall one day in late fall: Henry B. fixed a suet-box for the birds and stood by the hour watching his winged friends as they came and went. The expression on his face and the gleam in his eyes as he watched the birds is a memory very dear to me as an expression of his noble character.

MAX VON LÜTTICHAU.

From Elia W. Peattie

A LETTER

Belles Alpes, La Tronche.
August 20th, 1929.

Dearest Anna:

After the long, and now forever prized letter which I had from Henry the other day telling me of his sudden attack and the nature of it, I cannot say that I was really surprised

at the final word contained in your letter, which reached me this morning. His going makes a great difference to us who appreciated his personality and his gentle unobtrusive friendship. It is as if something very lovely and familiar had been taken down from the room—the finest room—in our house of life. A piece of elegant tapestry, let us say, too intricate for us to understand entirely, yet so prized and so often examined, that it is a part of our best knowledge. Our own particular place of habitation will not seem quite so gracious again, I think; certainly not so friendly. I know something of what it means to you. Henry was, in a sense, your friendly charge. He was very different from anyone else you knew and in some ways he was finer; more intricate; more delicately civilized; and always impersonal enough to prevent friction of any kind. We all made an intellectual romance of him; and such affection as he had, he gave to his old friends and to their children. This affection was not of the South Exposure variety. It did not shine ardently. It was a steady North Light and it lasted for us till the end; lasted for you and Hobart and those old friends who carried him to his grave; and for me and my children; and for a number of others. He permitted himself one great luxury, that of putting out only the best of which he was capable. In other respects he was very frugal. It all went together, the frugality of material expenditure and the luxury of high artistic product. If his life had been complicated by a family or by personal indulgence, he could not have been so meticulous in his art. I think he would have hated life as the rest of us have lived it, and I am sure it would have crowded out his shy, fastidious, exquisite talent. He couldn't have endured the robust buffeting the rest of us accepted as a matter of course.

We had the warmth and glow of the fine friendship and we've that to remember to the end.

ELIA W. PEATTIE.

From Harriet Monroe

Urbanity, gentleness, politeness, humor both searching and kind, sensitiveness, keen wisdom, modesty, scholarship—these and other old-fashioned words rise out of one's inner consciousness with memories of the fine spirit who has slipped out of his quiet place on earth. My memories go back to his youth in our neighborhood, when my sister used to tell of this strange retiring boy who didn't fit in with the rather boisterous group that laughed and danced and rode horseback up and down Michigan Avenue in those days of wide lawns and gardens, of fast trotters and sleigh-rides, of looking back to the Chicago Fire and forward to the Columbian Exposition, both the greatest of their kind. I didn't fit in either, because I was younger than the dominant crowd, and always longing in vain to break through their impenetrable tyrannous barriers and be recognized as an equal among my elders and betters.

In those days I saw Harry Fuller only a few times and afar off. A shy little girl myself, this shy youth was remotely out of my orbit—we never passed near enough to exchange a word. And for years, while my sister and his other contemporaries were getting married and going into business, I heard no more of him.

Then one day—it must have been in 1890—his friend and ours, Mrs. Charles Edward Cheney, brought to my sister a little poorly printed paper-covered volume written and put

out into the cold world by the man she had known in his sensitive shrinking boyhood. For this book she bespoke our favor, telling us what a lonely lot was its author's, how he was different from everybody around him, and had written his first book in the intervals of clerking in some forlorn and poorly paid pursuit. He had little hope, she said, of anyone's noticing so slight a thing—anyone who counted; it would mean much to him if we liked it—though heaven knows we counted for nothing in the literary world of those days.

I have inherited this book, a precious copy of the first edition of *The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani*—that cheaply made, badly printed first edition which was afterwards revised and corrected by the author, and put through stricter, more graceful paces by the Century Company. Charles Eliot Norton somehow got hold of a copy and sent other copies to his influential friends; until the downeast literary world rang and re-echoed and resounded with praises, and an obscure young Chicagoan awoke one morning and found himself famous. Incidentally his fame carried his native city on its wings—could a thing so perfect come out of Chicago!—could a work of such exquisite and accomplished art have been begun and carried on and finished among stock-yards and mowing-machines and other unmentionable vulgarities!

I think it was a disappointment to the author, certainly to his business-trained father and family, that this extraordinary *succès d'estime* failed to translate itself into dollars. The book, in spite of the enthusiasm of the elect, never had a great sale. And it was a disappointment to the elect when, after one more essay in the same vein—the less brilliant *Chatelaine of La Trinité*—Mr. Fuller turned to modern realism.

This right-about-face to a new direction was the first evi-

dence of Henry Fuller's love of literary experiment and variety. He refused to be labeled or to walk in his own footsteps. Catalogued as a romanticist by his first two books—a delicately satirical romanticist if you will—he set out, in his next two, to prove himself a modern realist of as stern a mood as Norris or Dreiser could be capable of; and his satirical weapon, a sheathed rapier in *Pensieri-Vani,* became a bludgeon in *The Cliff-dwellers.* Mr. Robert Morss Lovett, in the *New Republic,* thinks that Fuller was not instinctively a satirist, but that the Spanish War and its Philippine consequences embittered him and dried up his creative energy. But I feel that the satiric quality of his humor was evident from the first, long before the Spanish War, and that political events had a merely superficial effect on his serenity. The truth lay nearer home, in that love and hatred of his native city which was a fundamental motive in a life singularly aloof from passionate experience. His youth had been starved and beaten to the earth by Chicago's preoccupation with "business"; he had escaped to Italy in the flesh for brief travels, and his imagination, taking refuge in "that lovely land" after his return, had consoled itself by writing a masterpiece to celebrate its beauty. Now he turned another facet of his mind upon the city which had tried to make a commercial slave of him, and proceeded to punish its materialistic ideals.

No doubt he overdid the punishment. The very summer when *The Cliff-dwellers* was running serially in *Harper's Weekly,* the Columbian Exposition was providing for the whole country a new and highly provocative inspiration toward beauty. Still, the city deserved his arraignment, as any modern city deserves it for that matter; and *The Cliff-dwellers,* re-read today after thirty-five years, seems unex-

pectedly enduring—it holds its place as a true and uncompromising revelation of certain dominant forces in modern life. And its people are to me more alive and convincing than those of *With the Procession,* the later Chicago novel in which its author tried to soften his blows. George Ogden and old Erastus Brainard and his family are true to type in action and speech, but Susan Bates is a theoretic lay-figure rather than a real person, representing the author's idea of what a substantial and magnanimous middle-western society leader, who had come up from the ranks, so to speak, would be and do and say. Her shy and retiring creator romanticized her, and she escaped him in the process.

After these two essays in realism, Mr. Fuller tried another form in *The Puppet-booth,* following the fashion of more or less mystical one-act plays which had been set by Maurice Maeterlinck a few years before. In these and *The Last Refuge,* which followed in 1900, we have a return to the romantic mood—romance delicately veiled in satire, as in *Pensieri-Vani.* The former deals figuratively with certain lapses and omissions in our claims to civilization, carrying them out usually, with merciless logic, to some catastrophic end. The latter is pure whim and fantasy, the effort of a modern very international group to find Arcadia and disport themselves fitly therein—a delicious and penetrating study of human illusions and disillusions.

Through all the years represented by these and later volumes Henry Fuller never quite took the plunge into life. For him human passion was impossible as a personal experience—he stood outside its arena, looking on at its frantic action with an amused and indulgent—indeed a somewhat wistful—tolerance. The wisdom of a keen observer combined with an ever-present sense of humor to make him

instinctively, a satirist, a satirist not bitter but sympathetic and benign. Such portrait sketches as those of Chicagoans in *Under the Skylights,* and of travelling Americans in *From the Other Side* and *Waldo Trench and Others,* were slight and unpretentious indulgences of this mood—very true and trenchant outlines of familiar types, with just a touch of caricature. And his later brief novels—*On the Stairs* and *Bertram Cope's Year*—were little more.

Through all these years of fitful literary activity I used to see him often and value his friendship, but our closer intercourse began and continued with POETRY. In that hazardous enterprise he showed a kindly interest from my first mention of it, and consented at whatever threatening risk to his reputation as a man of taste and letters, to give it the high authority of his name as a member of its advisory committee. I remember gratefully how eager he was that the new magazine should be progressive and not stodgy, how he welcomed the coöperation of Ezra Pound and other revolutionists, how quickly he recognized original talent as we steered our way through those first experimental months. Also he was an accomplished proof-reader, and if our early issues were not full of *errata* it was because he sat up nights to eliminate them and see the sheets through the press.

I felt that we had a right to claim his sympathetic help because, though not technically a poet by actual practice, he had a poet's imagination and keen feeling for rhythm and beauty of style, and his scholarship and critical acumen in the art were beyond praise. But he used to laugh at himself for intruding in a province where, as he put it, he "didn't belong"; and even when, five years later, he tried his hand at free verse, and published his volume of *Lines Long and Short,* he would have been the last to class these clever satri-

cal portraits as poems. Perhaps however, they belong to the art as much as certain more long-winded satires done two centuries ago in the "heroic couplets" of Queen Anne's time.

From the beginning of the magazine in 1912 even to the last week of his life, Henry Fuller was a frequent and most welcome visitor at the POETRY office. Sometimes he would read manuscripts and write brief incisive comments on the envelopes. Sometimes he would look over our foreign exchanges, for he knew French and Italian and could make a dash at Spanish and German. Again he loved to read the pending proof, taking a hunter's delight in the chase of uninvited words and furtive commas. And always his literary experience and taste were most helpful, and his talk of men and events and books was full of kindly humor and mellow wisdom. He was the only member of POETRY's staff who has companioned its editor through all these seventeen years, and now without him the advisory committee seems sadly incomplete.

During this progress of a friendship both personal and professional one discovered gradually the unselfish sweetness of a spirit that could not, however endowed with a gift for beautiful utterance, reveal its true quality to the world. There was in its deepest recesses an unconquerable reticence —Henry Fuller found it impossible to tell his whole story. He could not give himself away, and therefore it may be that the greatest book of which his genius was capable was never written, the book which would have brought the world to his feet in complete accord and delight.

A few years ago he told us lightly that he would write no more, that no one was less interested in the Quest than he; reviews and other articles in various weeklies would be his only concession to the muse. Yet quite recently she dropped

another seed, to the surprise of her reluctant votary; and Alfred A. Knopf will soon put out the result of it in two posthumous books. May this autumnal bloom, springing up before the final frost, give us the perfect flower!

Meantime let us go back to *Pensieri-Vani,* which is already a classic, and renew our delight in its exquisite prose. I wish we had room to quote those long beautifully modulated sentences about the hero's organ-playing in the cathedral of Orvieto. This passage is famous—we shall find it between pages 62 and 68, and it will remind us that its author was also an organ-*improvisatore* in his youth, and that he even composed words and music for an opera which never reached the stage.

HARRIET MONROE.

Reprinted from *Poetry Magazine.*

From Katharine Head Breck

I have been sitting with Henry Fuller's *Gardens of This World,* half read and open upon my knees, and thinking what a delightful companion he was, and how much I should miss him.

He had catholic interests; he endowed places with personality. The physical activities of men interested him chiefly as manifestations of their mental or spiritual state of being. The meaning of trifles intrigued and delighted him. He never worried a subject. The quickness of his perception and the lightness of his touch were as evident in his conversation as in his writings.

I do not remember when I first met him. He was a friend of father's. My first intimation of his lighter moods was finding him on the piano bench one morning—in evening

dress—with a very small and very blonde miss of five sitting closely on each side of him while he improvised a musical accompaniment to the stories he was telling them. A thunder storm the night before had emphasized father's invitation to spend the night with us. . . . I was reminded of this incident a few years ago when he said he had been playing a few nights for the movies in Woodstock, and that if his eyes were only stronger there was no diversion that would please him more than watching the screen and improvising an accompaniment.

Gardens of This World is forgotten as memories of the man himself crowd out his printed words. I climb the attic stairs to hunt for letters. Henry Fuller wrote frequently; he acknowledged any kindness or hospitality, however trifling; he replied by return mail to any request for information, but most of his notes—to me—were casual. Almost anyone equally courteous might have written them. A few letters I have that could not have been written by anyone else, and I find a gayety in all but one of these that brings warmly to my heart the pleasant hours we spent together. The first of these is written to my father, and is dated from Syracuse.

February 21st, 1897.

". . . I am working up to North Italy from Algeria via Sicily. I spent something over a month in Africa, and have passed about the same length of time on this classic isle—'where the Greek temples grow.' They grow in great profusion at Girgenti, for example, where I spent a week; and while some of them look rather over-ripe and as if they ought to have been picked a little sooner others of them were from middling to prime and would doubtless find a

ready sale at our local markets. . . . Here in Syracuse temple-growing is less important; this valuable staple seems to be rather neglected and more attention is given to such fancy growths as tombs, altars and amphitheatres. The soil hereabouts goes beyond that of a New England farm (solid limestone rock would about describe it) and the buildings that the old Greeks put up here are quite equalled in interest by the quarries from which they got their material—great jagged holes in the ground overgrown with vines and cluttered up with cypress trees and orange groves, a feature gratefully unique to this case-hardened tourist.

"They show you the pit where the victorious Syracusians kept the captive Athenians breaking rock through a long hot summer. If the Athenians could only have waited 2400 years they might have 'done their time' by clambering up ladders and picking the ripe, golden andsoforths. But so few of us can wait patiently for future blessings!

"I shall look forward to seeing your daughter in Florence about a month from now."

Two months later he walked into a tea party in Hermon MacNeil's studio in the Villa dell'Aurora in Rome. He was on his way to Florence where he purposed to spend six spring weeks, and as I was sharing an apartment there with Mrs. Potter and Bessie, we welcomed his proposed advent. I wish I could remember more details of that golden spring! We had a maid named Angelina, an engaging and ingenuous miss of sixteen, and as my Italian was musical (caffe, forte ma non troppo) and phrase book (grandmother's cow and her grandmother's umbrella) he was a welcome, a willing and a most amusing interpreter.

He changed the pensione at which he stayed every few days and for the most absurd reasons; at one the Front Hall was Dark; at another Birds sang in the Courtyard, while at a third there were Five Tall Young Ladies. *Five!*

He was a delight in a picture gallery if you could entice him into one, but he preferred out-of-door sightseeing. Unhurried digressions from main traveled roads were his delight and we never missed a festival from the humble *Festa dei Grilli* which is celebrated, I cannot imagine why, on Ascension Day, to the magnificent *Corso dei Fiori,* especially grand that year as the king had just not been assassinated, and the Prince of Naples was in Florence on his wedding journey. A grillo is a cricket, and on Ascension Day you either catch or buy one in a fairy cage two inches square and the man who can keep his grillo alive the longest will himself attain the greatest age. Mr. Fuller let his cricket go because he was sure it would live longer free than in captivity, and this caused much shaking of heads, and grave looks of suspicion.

We took an active part in the Flower Parade, filling our vettura with flowers to throw into the passing carriages, many of which were gay in what might be called fancy dress. In honor of the royal visitors many of the aristocracy rode in the parade, and the decorations of the carriages and of the houses along the route were very gorgeous. We went to the Flower Show the day that Royalty went to the Flower Show and we were jostled almost under their royal feet in the crowd. There was a grand Lotto there that day with a premio of 16,000 lire (which was then $3000) and we bought tickets and Mr. Fuller held two of the lucky numbers and if he drew the third he would win and could stay over all summer, and we were prostrated with despair when

the last number of the day was read, and none of us had it!

Mr. Fuller was Literary Editor of the *Chicago Evening Post* for several years, about 1902, and his letters to a young book reviewer were acutely critical, but in so gentle and friendly a way that she felt that he was encouraging her to go on and do better. He bade her be fearless: "I am sorry the book did not interest you more. . . . I wish some of the tart things in your note to me had got into your critique." The next note says: "There is little to offer you today—nothing beyond some trees and shrubs and a few precious stones. Will this tribute suffice?" An undated letter about Bernard Shaw is, I think, of this same period. "Not to be as careless about borrowed books as 'Some Folks I could Mention' I am returning *Man and Superman*. I see that instead of holding the book longer I must have a copy for myself. It is long since I have read anything that has so many little 'foods for thought' in it. Shaw's mind works in sharp and irregular zigzags but his observations are very 'stimulating and suggestive' just the same."

In 1903 he wrote about my approaching marriage: "I am glad that you should have thought to write me—actually the first time in my long career that precisely this thing has happened to me . . . and you are going to live in New York? Well then, good-bye: I never go to New York, and never stay long when I *do* go. Still with these altered conditions. . . ."

Two months later: "Please do not suppose that I waited for your letter to tell me about the new household at Washington Square. No; I applied for information at the Bureau of Information in Banks Street some time earlier and so felt quite at home in the new locale even before your letter arrived. I immediately gathered the idea that Washington

Square South must be highly stimulating as a place of residence and your own account to me does nothing to hush down this impression.

"Ideas—I should think they would not merely flow; I should expect them to be fairly jounced out of you. I should think that under such conditions I could write a morality play (punctuated by profanity) every few days."

We had two floors of an old house on the Square, the top one, studio and bedroom, being the bachelor apartment of my husband, and the floor below our living rooms. Mr. Fuller approved of our menage; he gave us a photograph of himself inscribed "For the Embellishment of Washington Square." He came to stay with us insisting that he did not mind the noise of the factories with which we were surrounded or the aroma of turpentine which hung heavily in the studio bedroom. A tiny old French woman, who spoke no English and whose name was Marie Geneviève ruled our cuisine, and he used to have long talks with her about *aubergine* and *bouillabaisse* and the Pyrenees from which she came and the legends and the customs of her country, and these he would repeat to us with just a suggestion of her three cornered smile.

My husband being American by birth, French as to parentage and having spent five years at the American Academy of Fine Arts in Rome had cosmopolitan tastes and found that he could satisfy many of them in New York. Mr. Fuller knew even other places to go, and our excursions ranged from Spuyten-Duyvil to the Battery. We watched the people at the Aquarium; we saw the emigrants land; we ate Hungarian goulash and visited the Armenian quarter in

search of a camel that we had heard lived upstairs in a tenement there. We went to Hoboken to see an imaginary friend sail on a big ocean liner, Mr. Fuller adding versimilitude to the plan by carrying a bouquet of flowers for the prospective voyager. "What kind of flowers do you think she would like best?" he asked me anxiously. When we got there the boat was so fascinating and the passengers looked so nice that we decided to sail too, and we picked out our table and our table companions; we placed our deck chairs and the people we wished to have sit next to us on each side. We looked over the ship library and wished that we had brought more books with us but one always enjoyed reading Dumas again—and then the ALL OFF! bell rang viciously for the second time and we tore ourselves away, and waved our hats and handkerchiefs at those delightful people we had so hoped to know, and we wondered why it was when we sailed that the most delightful people on the boat were the ones that got off.

Early in June the next year Mr. Fuller wrote:

"I am afraid that you will develop a grouch against the Garlands, if I say that they have interfered once more with my visit with you. They have asked me up to West Salem the Golden for the 'pleasant month of strawberries,' as Hiawatha has it, and I am going up the end of this week.

"Alas, the *Collier* prize story I meant to write never got written. May 24th went, and May 25th, and May 26th. 'I still have time,' I said (if I can only get an idea). Then the 27th and the 28th. Then the 29th; and I said: 'I can write it today, and revise it tomorrow and get it typewritten the day after, and mail it the next day, and still come within the limit after all.' But alas: No ideas!"

The next autumn we went to Rome to live and in spite of my plans and his plans, Mr. Fuller never visited us there. "I am imagining you as substantially settled," he wrote us the first Christmas there. "The Roman aristocracy are flooding your villa, and Mr. Breck between times is dashing off masterpieces. How different from poor prosaic Chicago. I have not failed to get my usual Christmas grouch. Orchestra Hall was opened night before last. It is a mediocre achievement. I swore I would go past during the dedication and give the front of the place a good swift kick. I did so. Sometime the spot (just eight inches above the level of the sidewalk) will be marked by a tablet."

In April: "Easter approaches. I believe I was to be in Rome at this happy season, but. . . . However I have just learned that there are others whose faces are turned Romeward. When you see your father seated under Guercino's galopade, remember that I, though still marking time in the Far West, contributed to place him there.

"April! You are now going to see what Rome is really like, but despite the magnificent conditions, don't let your devoted pilgrim rush about too much. The Pincian is near. To 'roost' on that for six hours a day during the months of April and May would do for me, all right. I am glad you enjoyed re-reading the Cavalier, but don't pass it around among Italians. I fancy they have little patience with that sort of thing."

When we returned to New York Mr. Fuller came promptly to inspect the younger generation, and he went with us to view the spot where we had lived on Washington Square, and mourned with us that a garage had replaced the little house where we had been so gay together. When we mi-

grated to Long Island he spent an occasional few days with us, interested in the minds and manners of the young, and delighted with the Italian music which we brought back with us from time to time, especially the folk songs. "I have told your father," he wrote us after one visit, "how the children grow in grace, how well the Old Masters harmonize with Colonial farmhouses, how it seems to visit an art colony high on a city roof, and so on and on. I hope that you will get the impression that I had a very good time and that I am indebted to you for a good part of my pleasure. If you don't, words are as naught!"

One spring I wrote to Mr. Fuller that we were going to be away all summer and suggesting that he stay in our quiet house and enjoy the Italian cooking and the ministrations of our Italian maid instead of camping in New York City for the summer. He replied:

Chi., April 27, '25.

Dear Mrs. Breck:

I snatch a moment (which I may not be able to do later on) to reply to your letter of the 24th. I am sailing for New York in about a week and shall occupy the Garland apt. (71 E. 92d) while the family are scattered all over creation. Best thanks for your invitation; however it's like this: I am expecting to help three books along this summer;

1. Hobart Taylor's; 2. Hamlin Garland's;
3. B. L. T.'s (No. 6);

and in consequence of a lot of proof-reading being involved, I shouldn't "dast" be away from town more than a few days at a time. However again, I shall be able to see you before

you go, and may find opportunity to look in during your absence. Think of your having the luck, or the privilege, of going across (my good paper's all used up) again so soon!

Thanks too, for the kind words about my old book. That reasonable form of realism may come in again, when (and my ink is low) when the present excesses are over. A straw: My *Mary MacLean* story magazined twenty odd years ago, has just been reprinted in a high school publication which is used as a textbook by 50,000 pupils!

I'm so glad that you and the Proctor-Smiths have (hope I can find an envelope to match) met. Neighbors are not always friendly, and one is never sure that his efforts to make two families acquainted (might as well finish) will be acceptable. As for me I like the Proctor-Smiths "fine."

Two years ago I was in Chicago and Mr. Fuller wrote saying that it was a long time since we had gone slumming together, and suggesting that we make a day of it, lunching, "for the experience" at the Piccadilly, and then inspecting the Field Museum and neighboring purlieus.

For the past dozen years Henry Fuller's pen has never been idle. Often it has been employed in the service of friends. He has written special articles, short stories and literary reviews but he has published no books. In January of this year he wrote me: "You think you have a full set of my books but no! There is a new one on the way." In February he adds: "Having finished my January book, I'm in chapter six of another. Of course there is no saying how it will come out."

The last letter he wrote me is dated May 30th, 1929. He had already suffered from two serious heart attacks, although I did not know it.

"Ninety degrees here yesterday. Me in a Palm Beach suit today.

"My first book (Mediterranean, etc.) called *Gardens of This World,* is for 'the fall,' I suppose next September or October. As a matter of fact I have corrected the first small section of proof.

"My second book (Chicago "Society") is called *Not on the Screen.* It is for next spring and is a cutting treatment of the movies.

"My third book—but it's too soon to talk of it. I'm only in the second chap.—having written the first (which was an awful job) four times. Southern France a century ago. No name, no certainty of completion.

"Well, from all this you can divine my situation for yourself. Going on seventy-three. Last call? I want to do something more that will be creditable and keep me in the memory of friends. I'm in pretty good shape, fortunately, and feel equal to anything I may attempt. (I hear from a Knopf author that they are all delighted with the *Gardens;* and K. himself wires me that the second book is 'superb.')

"Enough; Enough! More then!"

Henry Fuller has his last desire. His book is a delight. In the hearts of his friends the memory of him is a fragrant flame. His place can never be filled.

KATHARINE HEAD BRECK.

From Edith Franklin Wyatt

Among the many gifts of Henry B. Fuller which one recalls with a sense of loss and sorrow, there were two one misses peculiarly in his absence—misses in the narrower way,

from one's own life in Chicago, because these gifts gave his presence and conversation a characteristic, original charm—misses in the larger way in his beautiful work for the truth of letters, where his voice is silent.

He had fancy. He took nothing literally. He delighted in turning his spirit into other avatars than those of his personality. He liked to do tricksy and whimsical things. As an instance of these I recall an episode of one of the sharpest wintry days in Chicago, when he once saw an old-clothes man, a Jewish peddler, very thinly dressed shivering along, ahead of him on the windy street, and calling bravely "Ol Clo'es! Ol Clo'es!" Mr. Fuller happened to have on his own arm, a winter coat to be repaired at the tailor's. He ran down the street, and as he passed the old clothes man, he said "Could youse use a coat?" slipped it on the peddler's arm; and hurried around a corner.

Tell me, where is fancy bred—
In the heart or in the head?

The fancy of Henry Fuller was part of the great gentleness we all knew in him, the endless, quick kindness and helpfulness, part of his remarkable ability to perceive swiftly what other people were feeling; and he was always running around the corner after he had done a kindness; and never made a Policy, or a Program, or an Annual Event of anything. Neither was he against Policies, Programs and Annual Events, any more than Ariel would have been.

But if his fancy was sometimes an over-tone of his sense of what people were feeling, it was also an over-tone of his sense of what people were thinking, his interest in the life of the mind, not only in its main currents, but its lighter progresses, its quips and pranks, its water-falls and eddies.

When the "Little Room" gave a burlesque of Chatfield-Taylor's "Crimson Wing," he refused to take part. I asked him why.

"Oh, I should have to trail a pike; and I don't believe in trailing pikes, even in a burlesque."

At the time that seemed to me strained. It *was* strained. But now I believe that these "strained," highly-individualized visions of those turns of life we call "little"—those very "fancies,"—have a value of their own in human enlightenment. Blake's drawing of "The man who built the Pyramids," was a personal fancy of very different displacement, of course, but of somewhat the same nature, no doubt.

Henry Fuller had the gift of fancy—an endowment rare alike in life and in letters; and he had the gift of criticism. He enjoyed discrimination and analysis. He liked to reflect and to ascertain. I need not dwell on the advantage his readers always found in his dislike of dogma, in his critical essays and reviews. The quality in him that made him enjoy running out and revelling in odd turns of life, gave him the widest liberality in permitting authors an indulgence in their own ideas, in all their individual colors and tones and forms.

I have said that he had no Policy. But if he had one, it was the policy of eclecticism. He was an anti-imperialist in literature and politics; and all for self-determination in the art of writing. His interest as a critic was in letters as an art, not an exact science, nor a dogma of methodology. He had a very wide range of reference, and the attractive manner of knowledge easily and lightly carried, and always in the service of aesthetics—as where he says of Louis Bromfield in "The Bromfield Saga," in *The Bookman,* "He is equally successful with those settings that persist throughout (the novel)—what the Italians, I believe call the *scena*

stabile, the set scene"; or where he says in a review of "The Age of Chaucer," in *The Freeman,* "We may accept *cum grano salis* the merriness of Merry England."

And he could write as interesting, just, and delightful a "causerie" on a book about the age of Chaucer, as on a book about French biography, or Italian poetry, or Horace Howard Furness, or a modern Ohio novel, or Jean Catel, or Wilfrid Scawen Blount and Egyptian administration. This was because his fancy was bred in his heart and in his head, as well as because of the wide reach of his interest in belles-lettres.

"If a man works well, in so far he has lived well," he said in one of his reviews. Every honest writer may well think long of the spirit of that wise criticism of life and letters.

All of us, all writers are itinerant vendors calling for the custom of the world, down the street of time. No other passer-by will ever cast the protection of an impersonal understanding to our needs with just such a turn as that of Henry Fuller's fancy. "Could youse use a coat?" And now that he has run around the corner, that street of time will never be quite the same again.

EDITH FRANKLIN WYATT.

From Maude Radford Warren

Lovers of good literature will wish that Henry Fuller could have lived longer to write more books. We who were privileged to be his friends are proud that he has been ranked among the first American men of letters; that Howells and Lowell and Huneker admired his work. We appreciated

his profound knowledge of human nature, his humor, his subtle irony, his finished style. But as we grow older, we are surer that people are loved for what they are rather than for what they do, and we who put Henry first and his books second would have foregone the books if only we could have had him a little longer. We loved him for his sensitiveness, his tolerance, his feeling for beauty, his tenderness for the young, his willingness always to listen and always to help. How many of us have carried him manuscripts for criticism. We have taken him our problems, too, and Henry could always help, for all that he often drew aside from life. He never failed his friends.

Five years ago, some of Henry's bonds fell due. He spent the money in taking a young man to Europe, wanting to show him what his own eyes had seen so long before. I was in Diablerets with my two godsons, and Henry joined us with his protégé. I shall always remember the walks the five of us took among the Swiss valleys and mountains, and Henry's serene words about beauty, and friends, and the choice of values in life. All of us treasure some conversations when Henry forgot his detachment and showed us that he belonged to us.

He has left a sense of sharp bereavement, but wherever he is gone, there must be more light. Eternity, if it is to have any meaning, must catch up in itself our sense of the dearness and nearness of old friends. If, as some people believe, in that other world where Henry is, certain episodes may be repeated which meant much to us here, then I want to be sitting with friends of "The Little Room" in Ralph Clarkson's studio. Presently Henry will edge away from the group, and slipping over to the piano, he will play softly, and his music will give us the old sense of peace and tender-

ness. We shall know that Henry and his friends have one another again.

MAUDE RADFORD WARREN.

From Eve Brodlique Summers

It is difficult for me to write of Henry Fuller in the past tense, because he has been a part of my life for so long I cannot realize that:

> "We shall not meet again
> In any wood or any weather."

Today my desk is strewn with a wealth of his letters, accumulation of many years. As I read the whimsical, clever, crisp, and oh, so kindly passages I look toward the door, feeling that the postman must surely be bringing another, and that I shall see the clear, flowing writing again. He was a wonderful correspondent, this cherished friend of ours. Perhaps not very self-revealing, for the same gentle shyness that we knew in his contacts with daily life, obtained somewhat in his letters. But always so punctilious in acknowledgment of social requirements, and with a keen interest in the individual to whom he was writing. Could there be any better standard of manners than this?

Yes; there are many letters, for the friendship goes back to these far years when, visiting at Vassar College, one of the important members of the faculty then remarked to a very young journalist, "the most promising and talented writer in your Chicago group is this young man Fuller. He has only begun but he will go far."

And "Young Henry Fuller" he has been to me ever since. Why not? It was among the very young that he showed at his delightful best. With them he forgot his shyness. They

By William Gropper
Courtesy of The Bookman

did not attempt to "lionize" him; they did not talk about his books, or ask him to read aloud from his works. I have seen him with the Lorado Taft children, the Hamlin Garland children, (who called him "Uncle Beezer" for no apparent reason, but to his great delight) and with Llewelyn, my own son, whose adored godfather he was. Among the sheaf of letters I find one printed in huge letters, and gravely arranged in the way of a child.

DEAR LLEWELYN.

THANKS FOR YOUR LETTER.
I HAVE BEEN AWAY THREE WEEKS AT INDI
ANAPOLIS BUT WILL COME TO SEE YOU BEF
ORE LONG. I THINK YOU WRITE A
SPLENDID LETTER. IT OUGHT
TO MAKE YOUR MOT
HER AND FATHER VERY P
ROUD.

FROM YOUR GODFATHER

HENRY B. FULLER.

And later

Mon Cher Filleul,

. . . Best thanks for the map of Belleau Wood. It gives me a better idea of the ground than any map I had seen before. You bring the war and the battle grounds pretty close. I hope you have seen about all of it that you are going to see, and that you with your near neighbor, President Wilson, (who was then living next door) will soon come home with a good treaty of peace in your pocket.

How goes French? You'll never have a better time and a better chance. Go to it! and make a poor thick-

headed Godfather Fuller more ashamed of himself than ever. I see I must tell how my health is. Kind o' fair; no special complaint, FARZYNO. How's your own? I see I am also asked to provide a rhyme for "Edinburgh." Perhaps I could, if I knew how it was pronounced. If like "Edinbro',"—then "come and go." or "don't be slow." If like "Edinburg" then "sturg," or "blurgue," or "McTurg." If like "Edinburrow," then "hunt your burro," or "run a furrow" or "slumpt kwee zurrough" or some sillier simplicity. . . .

TON PARRAIN

H. B. F.

Among my most prized snapshots—and how he did hate to be photographed!—are pictures of Mr. Fuller with a very small child in a rose garden. And again in maze of tall delphinium. I know that others will be writing of him as a distinguished man of letters, and one who could in very truth be called a profound scholar. So I like to emphasize that slant of his character that shows him as the merry, kindly, and understanding friend of little children.

Doubtless he might have done yet more had it not been for his incurable generosity in giving himself to his friends. His letters abound in quizzical, but kindly, allusions as: "My eyes are tired from reading proof on A's new book. It's going to be a worth-while work." "B has sent me the last half of her novel to look over again. I must get going." "C's book is on the way. I have just been helping fix it up for the D. P. (Dear Public)."

To my husband, "You are close to history. Sometimes it nust seem big; and sometimes, when you get over close to t—too little—or perhaps the emergency has brought real

capacities into line. If you wish, I will help you on your memoirs, or recollections, or what not, on your return from Allied Countries. Perhaps, however, you are the ONLY man who is not going to write."

We, his friends have very beautiful things to remember. We are not mourning something slight or unworthy—which surely must be "Sorrow's crown of sorrow," but something that serves our memories with loveliness; something strong, fine, and pure, and "faithful unto death."

I look back over happy years, and remember that little group of splendid men, "gentlemen unafraid," each distinguished in his own line, who used to fore-gather with mutual joy and satisfaction—Harry Pratt Judson, Wallace Heckman, Oliver Dennett Grover, Leland L. Summers, Henry B. Fuller and Allen Pond, and I think of the long journey that each has taken to some far country, and I say again—"AS ALWAYS, GOOD COMPANY! GOOD COMPANY! GOOD COMPANY ALL!"

EVE BRODLIQUE SUMMERS.

From Clara E. Laughlin

My acquaintance with Henry Fuller began when I was a very young literary editor and he was the leading literary light of a Chicago that was fuller of literary luminance than it has ever been since.

On my trips to New York, publishers, editors, critics, authors, always talked to me with great interest about "the Chicago group," and with unvarying respect about Henry B. Fuller as an artist of the utmost distinction. I vividly remember how proud I was when I first encountered him face to face, at one of those forever-memorable occasions

in the Franklin Head home, and he conversed with me at some length, in his shy, sweet way. I thought it was so very kind of him to do me so much honor. Bless his heart! I'm sure it never entered his head that his notice was an honor to any one. He was always like a diffident debutant, and seemed more than half-uncertain whether he intruded or not. I'm not sure that he ever fully understood how much his friends loved and welcomed him.

Our acquaintance became friendship. During many years I saw him in a wide variety of places and circumstances. We had scores of mutual friends. I never saw his gentle diffidence drop from him for a single instant. It was not a mantle nor a manner; it was his nature.

Of late, he'd come slipping into my office. If I were busy, he wouldn't have himself announced. I'd go into the outer office on some errand, and find him there, reading a book. How glad I was to see him, how honored, I think he must always have known.

But he would perch himself, as if poised for instant flight, until I scolded him:

"Henry B., if you don't sit back in that chair and look as if you were going to stay awhile, I won't talk to you."

He'd obey. But he was always gone long before one had had half enough of his company.

What he knew (and he knew *such* a lot!) had to be extracted from him by a kind of finesse his friends all learned. For he was never eager to display it. His eagerness, always, was to share *our* discoveries, and delight in them. The way we got at his was by appealing to them in some way to supplement ours.

He always wanted to talk about our books—never about his own; about our journeys and experiences and not his.

If he had a fault it was that he never took himself seriously enough. His interest seemed to go into other people's accomplishment much more naturally than into his own. I could write a fair-sized volume on what I know of him in this connection. He seemed to live most deeply, express himself most fully, when he had heart and brain and soul (and sometimes hand) engaged in helping a friend's labors result in greater perfection.

He and I stood godfather and godmother to one living child (one flesh-and-blood child, I mean); and I also stood with him as godparent to enough book-children to know a good deal of him in that respect. He didn't do it graciously, to be kind—because he felt it an obligation. He did it because he loved it. He must have realized how his shyly-offered counsel improved the quality of scores of books. And I believe this realization brought him more happiness than the praise of his own creations.

Perhaps the world of literature would have been more permanently enriched had he been more self-centered. But no one will ever be able to estimate what he achieved that cannot be catalogued as work of Henry B. Fuller.

CLARA E. LAUGHLIN.

From W. K. and Elizabeth Fellows

To us, the most surprising quality of Henry B. was the naive simplicity of the man; his interest in the individual; his interest in the little things of life. The little habit he had of dropping in unexpectedly for a gossip, and for no particular reason. He wanted to see you.

Many years ago Frederick Richardson introduced us to what he called "Hungarian" bacarrat; the only game of

cards "Uncle Henry" was ever known to play. To this game he was most devoted and when he was winning and adding to his pile of blues, he had no thought of time,—no terminal facilities. He had literally to be pried loose and taken home to bed, or, when Frederick was here, he slept on the couch and never did get home.

When Christmas came around each year he bought some awkward animal, or some bizarre toy to add to the Noah's Ark in the center of the table; funny significant things that had cost him time and thought. He was particularly devoted to our mother and last Christmas, when she was 87, he brought her two Dresden dollies with the inscription "To a dear little girl."

A few days before the end, as he left us to go home he said,—cheerfully as only he could say it, "All my sails are set and the flag is flying."

"Billy" and "Betsy" Fellows.

From Anna Morgan

Reprinted from *My Chicago*

Henry B. Fuller came unheralded into public notice with the appearance of his book, "The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani," which won immediate recognition and placed him as the best stylist not only among our Chicago writers, but one of the few choice writers of English. His naturally retiring disposition had made him almost as much of a stranger as though he had not been born in Chicago, and there was so much of a cosmopolitan flavor in his writing that the east was loath to believe that he could be accredited to a city chiefly noted for its sky-scrapers and its packing

interests, and with this single credential command recognition as a writer of genuine literature.

This claim he has confirmed in *The Chatelaine of La Trinité, The Cliff Dwellers, With the Procession, The Puppet Booth, From the Other Side, The Last Refuge, Under the Skylights, Waldo Trench, Lines Long and Short, On the Stairs,* and *Bertram Cope.*

Mr. Fuller's friends and critics have accused him of being severe and perhaps unfair in his expressed reflections upon the crudity of our city in its evolutionary development. We will at least credit him with being sincere in his recorded impressions.

I once read a book by Harold Frederic in which occurred a character described as a cross between a hermit and a canon regular. Sometimes in considering this friend of mine the description seems to me to fit him, save for the ecclesiastical limitation employed. And even that might be allowed, for if he is distinguished by any one trait more than another, that trait would be a lofty and contemplative purity of mind. Hermit he is, as nearly as anyone could be whose lot in life has fallen in noisy places. Those who know him superficially might think him more critical than sympathetic and in their thoughts confer upon him the character of one who shrinks within himself. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Those friends he has and their adoption tried find him sweet as summer. He may be anomalous, for he is of the world, yet not in it. His genius is creative. He has no need to search the gates and alleys of life in order that he may know who and what they are that go about the world so busily, yet in themselves mean so little. His thought and his work are placed upon a level high above the throng. His perceptions have to do with

essentials, and his manner of expressing them is perfect. There is no writer extant whose understanding of the human spirit and the human character is more sympathetic or more true. His knowledge of character is so wide that it includes the saving element of humor; but his artistry withholds him from the overuse of that element. His way of life is modest, almost seclusive, quiet. Popularity and the social muniments that inhere in it are repellent to his nature. I doubt whether there is anyone who lives more strictly the intellectual life. His joy is in his work and his works are in the world to stay.

ANNA MORGAN.

From Carolyn D. Tyler

The very poignancy of one's sense of loss makes it hard to speak as one would wish of Henry B. Fuller.

When one who has meant so much to his friends and to the world as Mr. Fuller, writes "Finis" to his life among us, it is impossible to find words that are adequate, but perhaps in choosing the title of "Gardens of This World" he has written his epitaph in the hearts of many, so peculiarly appropriate is it, so like his rare, inclusive quality that was itself as a garden inclosed.

His sensitiveness to beauty in life, whether expressed in art, music, literature, or the art of living, made him reflect it all so that it was a part of himself, and one felt those long vistas, toward the everlasting hills or the everchanging sea; wide, sunny lawns bordered by gay parterres, as a painter's palette with colors; tall enclosing hedges; lily pools, sheltering darting gleams of gold and opal as flashing as his facile wit, dim woodland paths, lonely hilltop pines. These things he loved, all these he was.

That shyness that brought inevitable loneliness was lost in the quick support of his warm friendliness in time of need, or sorrow. His delicate and pungent mastery of his beloved art and the richness of his fluent repartee were no less varied than the priceless play-boy gift of finding joy in small things. I remember a paper tacked on an artist friend's studio wall, on which he drew a daily stint for weeks, and gay little drawings on postcards, such as two tiny figures industriously climbing up and down spires and skyscraper towers, entitled, *Showing J. G. New York.*

Once he brought a tiny record, "for Petite Oiseau," my operatic canary, a marvellous collection of barnyard and country noises, called, *I wish I was in Michigan,* which delighted his soul by its absurdity.

Sometimes he would play accompaniments for my mother, whose lovely voice was a delight, and after improvising elaborate things that taxed the self-control of singer and audience, he would end with a spectacular rendition of "The Maiden's Prayer," calculated to draw tears from the most callous critic.

His appreciation and understanding of music in all its forms was very wide; and though he himself did not dance, his interest in dancing as an art was keen, the grace and rhythm of the more formal dances appealing to him particularly, and he knew their intricacies to the last step.

He was much interested in my mother's activities, in her late seventies, during the World War, remembering her days of invalidism when he first came to our home on Indiana Avenue, a boyhood friend of my cousin Hal Brown, and those other kindred spirits, Paul Shorey and Will Payne.

Often he would play for us when my mother and I were rehearsing the dance which we did for so many pageants

and benefits in those busy war days, saying with his little indulgent laugh, "Ladies and Gentlemen, The Varsouvienne! the court dance of Poland, named for Warsaw!" He was intrigued by the contrast of those first stately minuet steps followed by the gay little skips and ending in the dignified curtsey.

When I was asked to give the "Varsouvienne" at the Woman's World's Fair last year, he came, in a pouring rain, the worst night of the season, and waited to tell me his enjoyment of it, saying, "It has form and distinction, more than can be said of modern jazz."

Form and distinction,—his ideal for his own work or for others; nothing left to chance, nothing haphazard.

Perhaps that high ideal made some of us a little afraid of him and his criticism lest we fall short; but no one needed to fear if his work was sincere, he met only kind and real interest in every effort.

These thoughts and many more crowd one's memory, and words are futile things. Mr. Fuller's friendship has been that garden to many, ever full of delights, keen or subtle, and as we say "Bon Voyage, dear friend," we see with affectionate pride his last planting in full and splendid flower, untouched by blight or frost,—his last hope fulfilled. Surely a glorious Finis.

CAROLYN D. TYLER.

From Clara B. Welles

I am glad of an opportunity of expressing my appreciation of Henry Fuller's friendship. His generosity in sharing his rare mental gifts, his sympathetic understanding of another's efforts, his constructive criticism will always live in my grateful memory.

CLARA B. WELLES.

From Bertha E. Jaques

The man who dwells in a world of his own creating, which is true of every thinker, may be as rich or as poor as he chooses regardless of his material possessions. A Croesus in intellectuality, Henry B. Fuller maintained a simplicity of life possible only to the rich in spirit. From choice he was emancipated from Things and thereby gained a larger freedom for thought. When a man who may be surrounded by all the luxuries he deserves modestly disclaims the possession of even a pocket knife or an umbrella—both things to lose—he has reduced his cares appreciably.

His prodigality was in friendship, as those who enjoyed it can testify, and this is the phase of Mr. Fuller that I can recall with appreciation. His interest in one's adventures and achievements might be counted on and his point of view helpful whether critical or approving.

The first bond of sympathy was discovered in our mutual dislike of noises of a disagreeable nature. Said he: "I like Chicago best when it is blanketed in deep snow and the unpleasant sounds of traffic are subdued." For many years, a deep snow has brought Mr. Fuller to mind and I take comfort in the thought that he has found peace and quiet under that "green tent whose curtain never outward swings."

BERTHA E. JAQUES.

From Ethel M. Colson Brazelton

"NO SUCH KINDNESS IN THE WORLD!"

A literary editor's office is a busy place with Christmas nearing. My *Record-Herald* desk, one Christmas week

some years ago, was piled high with books, more or less important, that must be mentioned in the "special number" rapidly approaching. I could scarcely see over them when Mr. Fuller, then on the editorial staff, came in.

"I have a little spare time this afternoon," he said, in his characteristic shy and gentle manner. "I thought you might perhaps be glad of a little help."

Receiving enthusiastic acceptance of his offer, he made his own selection and, a couple of hours later, returned with a number of reviews and books. When I reminded him that "outside reviewers" received the books reviewed for their pains, he smiled merrily.

"But I wouldn't care to take them home," he explained.

Investigation revealed that he had selected a number of the "second grade" books we always tried to mention, at least, but which, because of the vast flood of better literary productions, inevitably were in danger of being left out.

"I've been both a book editor and an author," said Mr. Fuller, slipping out to avoid renewed thanks.

When I mentioned the incident—only to be appreciated to the full by those who have known similarly busy seasons—to another literary editor, I was met by the astonished ejaculation:

"There's no such kindness in the world!"

But there was, and it was Mr. Fuller's. And the act of helping out a pressed co-worker and at the same time choosing for review such books as could only mean drudgery to him attested a sweet and sympathetic side of Mr. Fuller's nature known only to his friends.

Ethel M. Colson Brazelton.

From Horace Spencer Fiske

HENRY FULLER AND THE PUPPET BOOTH

Some twenty years ago the bell to our little apartment softly rang, and I opened the door to find a rather short and shy-looking man, Henry B. Fuller, with a book in his hand. He gave it to me in a half-deprecatory way and turned to go down in the elevator. On the title page of the book I found the inscription: "For Horace Spencer Fiske, with the compliments of Henry B. Fuller, February, 1909." It was the *Puppet Booth* by the author of "The Chatelaine of La Trinité," and "The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani."

I read the personae of the opening play, "The Cure of Souls," and there I found The Sinner, The Saint, The Hermit, The Ignoramus, The Woman Worldly Wise, and the Ballet Infernal. The stage setting is thus described.

"A pool in the heart of the primeval forest. The spot is closed in by a chain of mountain peaks pink in the latest moment of the sunset glow, and upon the lightly ruffled bosom of the pool itself one sees the dancing double of the evening star.

Present: The Saint and the Sinner. She is robed in a fluttering tissue of celestial blue; he is clad in penitential garb and reclines on a rustic couch beside which rests his harp; he has left some of his best years behind him, and his face shows the scars and flushes of a hundred strange sins."

Reading on through short dramas such as "On the Whirlwind," "At St. Judas's," "The Light That Always Is," and "The Dead-and-Alive," we came upon what now seems the

fulfilled prophecy of the golden jubilee of light—the closing play, "In Such a Night."

Miss Aurelia West speaks: The consecrated moment is at hand. A great light is about to shine and your conversion about to be accomplished.

The Chatelaine (looking into the deepening blue of the sky): The evening star? I see it—yes. But I have often seen it before.

Aurelia: But you shall soon see other stars that you have never seen before. And for every one that twinkles overhead tonight, a hundred more shall twinkle beneath our feet. Look!

[The walls of the basin, throughout their whole vast sweep, are suddenly outlined by thousands of tiny lights which, with a tremulous eagerness, hasten to double themselves in the flood beneath. A moment afterward a second line of living light runs swiftly along cornices, attics and pediments, and rescues from the descending darkness long rows of shining statues set high in air.]

"Thanks for your stars," says the Chatelaine, "and the wake of that gondola multiplies every one of them into a yellow thousand."

Aurelia: But the stars are not enough; one moon is not enough; you shall have a hundred!

The Chatelaine: Your moons are enchanting—but—give me the sun!

Aurelia (with a deep breath of invincible determination): I will. Behold it!

[Between two great fountains of red and amber and green, a third, vaster than either and peopled with many fantastic figures, is suddenly redeemed from the dark by a quick-

flung pencil of lilac light. Its waters fall plashing over many steps, and far above the pride of its topmost figure a vast dome, loftier than all else and more dazzling than all combined, suddenly flashes through the blueness of the night. It is ribbed with light, and crowned with fire, and girdled with torches; it appropriates and concentrates all the splendor and melody and magnificence of the entire spectacle.] And Aurelia exclaims: "There is the greatest glory!" [silence].

And when you have finished these twelve short plays you begin to realize that here was not only a writer of creative and poetic imagination but a subtle and satiric maker of social drama, as well as a novelist and critic who did so much to build up and maintain the literary reputation of Chicago.

HORACE SPENCER FISKE.

From James Spencer Dickerson

"HENRY B"

"Would you see his monument, look around you." But while this well-remembered admonition is well suited by reason of its application to Wren as well as of its place in St. Paul's, it would not be well to apply it to the achievement of a later artist—Henry B. Fuller. For Henry B. Fuller left behind him no monumental pile of epoch-making books. His works, however, though they may not be mile posts marking the progress of American literature, are worthy of the commendation they received when first published and which today is bestowed upon them by thoughtful and appreciative critics. The motive which gathers this

chaplet of memorial words from the hearts of the friends of "Henry B.", as we loved to call him, is loving admiration for his charming personality, for his delightful modesty, for his wistful approaches to comradeship, for his quiet but lasting loyalty to those of us who hoped and believed we were among his cherished friends. "Henry B." would have succumbed to heart failure had he even thoughtlessly clapped a friend on the back. He never gushed, nor did he ever brag or whine. Pathetically, now and then, he would gently lift the curtain of his reticence. He once said he would be ashamed if more than 3,000 copies of one of his stories were to be sold. But he never was morose and all of us rejoiced when he quietly took his seat by our fireplace.

He loved to wander through the academic groves of the University. Unobtrusively he spent hours in the silent reading rooms and alcoves of Harper Memorial Library. And from these high places he drew inspiration which fortified his impeccable literary taste and increased the native beauty of his style. But it needed no book-inspired knowledge to give charm to Henry Fuller, it dwelt in his personality, it welled up in the emotions of his sweet, modest soul.

James Spencer Dickerson.

From Ada Springer Philpot

"You are not to spread it abroad, but I am writing a sequel to *The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani.*" So said Henry Fuller to me that last December of his life. And in consequence of a promise to enlighten me concerning the new work we lunched together. "Gardens of This World" was to continue the story of the Cavaliere, of Hors-Concours, the

Prorege, of Occident, and the scenes around Italy. It was intended to pronounce, no doubt, Henry Fuller's philosophy, informed with his delightful and gentle irony, concerning the post World War period, even as the *Chevalier* was written to pass upon the day of 1890. Forty years had passed. In the character of the Chevalier himself we seem to see the novelist. On page sixty-eight we read a criticism that applies to our own society:

"Civilization is many sided, but of all its facets none is more glittering than the one which may be called the power of formulation; we may appreciate genius; we may give to our appreciation a casual and informal expression; but until we can formulate this expression and give its object an authoritative and widely accepted stamp we are far from an ideal polish and brilliancy. This grace the Latin civilization can claim; if one is a notable the world may be so informed—one's notability in officialized."

The Chevalier was knighted for his talent. But our notable, Henry Fuller, never received the acclaim for his genius from his countrymen.

Forty years after the *Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani* was written Fuller returned to his early and perhaps most congenial background in "Gardens of This World."

In talking with him on that December day, we veered off onto *Lines Long and Short,* biographical sketches, or a brief chronicle of our times in Chicago. I gratefully received the offerings of his subtle mind so unstintingly poured forth on books and authors. No other man of letters would have given his riches with such amazing modesty to a mere layman. Upon that day Mr. Fuller showed a glowing and rejuvenated appearance. But soon we were to lose his familiar figure. He had filled us with pride that he had

remained one of us, that he had been a citizen of our city. Then he passed on to be seen no more.

Ada Springer Philpot.

From James W. Walker, M.D.

The surnames Fuller and Walker have the same meaning, fulling or walking being a process in cloth making, and Henry B. Fuller and I humorously made this the basis of an alleged distant relationship. During the many years that it has been my privilege to know him intimately, I have had no more satisfying companion than he. He favored me with frequent social visits, coming in with his happy chuckle, ready to help me with answers to accumulated questions in the literary field; eager for English newspapers and magazines, and ready with a word of praise for them, except that he resented the pictured display of wealth and fashion, feeling that it implied exploitation of the working classes.

His eyes were so sensitive to artificial light that I usually turned it out and we sat in semi-darkness, talking of books, art, men and affairs. Being unable to read or write in the evenings, he was a frequent visitor to the local cinemas, and the simpler the film story the better he liked it. Charles Ray was a pet favorite of his.

His reserve rarely forsook him, and only a few times have I been able to induce him to meet other friends of mine, who called while he was with me. He shunned new acquaintanceships, presumably because they made new claims upon him, from which he desired to be free. Also, because few people really interested him.

He had his cynical side and was none too patient with

the weaknesses and foibles of mankind, and more than once he has told me that the fitting thing would be that the sun engulf the earth.

He was fond of children in an impersonal way and would often stop and speak with a smile to little boys and girls on the street, admiring their sturdy bodies and chubby faces. And the ice-man's horse was ever expectant of his coming, because of the lumps of sugar that Mr. Fuller carried in his pocket for him.

Expressing once my belief that death ends all for us and that there is no future, he replied, "I think that after all we shall find something awaiting us around the corner." He used to stray into churches from time to time, Catholic, Presbyterian, anywhere, but apparently more from artistic interest than devotional.

Exquisitely sensitive to disturbing noises, he found some compensation in his growing deafness, though it was becoming a handicap in conversation. He lived three years in his last abode—a long time for him—because there was no piano, no radio and no children.

A treasured possession of mine is an autographed copy of *On the Stairs,* where he has written below my name, "Careful for the Careless." He was not one of these. He was ever sweetly reasonable and willing to co-operate. The immediate cause of his death was a senile heart that he and I had watched and guarded for three years. He felt that he had lived out his allotted time and was fully reconciled to write Finis to his life, except that he did ask me to keep him going until his last two books were out.

In fairness to himself and to those about him, no one having a crippled heart ought to live behind a locked door, and yet, remembering his extreme sensitiveness, keen dis-

like of the morbid, or of being troublesome to anyone, I am certain that he would have preferred to die precisely as he did, suddenly, behind a locked door, and alone. He literally died in his shoes, which I deem an inestimable boon. He had his full span of years and was spared the burden of invalidism. Death was kind in taking him abruptly, and if Henry B. Fuller does know this I am sure that he is grateful.

JAMES W. WALKER.

From Sigmund Zeisler

Henry B. Fuller—what poignant memories the name conjures up!

He was a rare creature, one in thousands: a unique combination of gentleness and geniality with rugged intellectual integrity; a great literary artist but without a trace of snobbery or the so-called artistic temperament; holding to the highest standards of his art, never compromising with the demands of popular taste; an aristocrat in the best sense of the word and hence exclusive, but adored by the few whom he admitted to his friendship among whom were proud to count themselves, my wife of blessed memory, the late Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler, and myself.

SIGMUND ZEISLER.

From Alexander Greene

HENRY B. FULLER, A GENTLE MAN

Not much can be said about Henry Fuller from an acquaintance of only two or three years, when the meetings

were infrequent; but, talking with him even occasionally, one was impressed with his gentleness. His modesty and his gentleness were his best known attributes; also his youthfulness. He did not impress one as Mr. Fuller, septuagenarian, but as Henry B. of any age near twenty-five. When urged to write his reminiscences of Chicago and Chicago life, he refused emphatically to consider the suggestion, declaring that he was not interested in the past. He retained his youth by associating with the youth of his day.

It is a surprise to find, in reading Prof. Lovett's tribute, that this quiet man, in whose heart was no guile, could be roused to indignation over a social wrong—that he ever took notice of wickedness in high places. As is often the case, those hardest to waken are the strongest fighters. This side of Henry Fuller was quite unsuspected, and now it is a matter of regret not to have known it. It is another case of the weakest being the strongest. He dared risk his respectability in giving offenders their proper titles, even when they occupied seats amongst the mighty.

If one wished to deliver a sermon on Henry Fuller, an appropriate text would be, "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted." In spite of all his efforts to keep in the background, in society as well as in the literary world, one can think of no other Chicagoan who will be missed more from certain circles. Among his friends, there will be a feeling of genuine loss without the presence and smile of Henry B.

ALEXANDER GREENE.

From Vincent Starrett

It might have been my high privilege really to know Henry Fuller, for the opportunity was mine and no friend-

lier man than Fuller ever lived. For years we lived in the same city and knew the same persons, yet it was only now and then that we met, and this despite the fact that my admiration for his work was deep and sincere. Occasionally we wrote letters to each other—across the city. Occasionally we clasped hands at some function that brought Chicago's scattered groups together—a theatrical première, a tea at the bookshop of Alexander Greene, a reception for a visiting poet. A more intimate acquaintance always impended and was never consummated. Thus, my tribute to the fine writer and admirable human being that was Henry Fuller must be, at best, a confession of my own procrastination. I should like to have known him better, and he was willing that I should. I wish heartily that I had been less self-centered.

Such talks as we had were brief and, I am sorry to say, casual. I remember principally the man's exceeding kindness and toleration. I have only one illuminating anecdote to tell. We met first in the Chicago Public Library where, on a day, I had gone to deliver a brash and youthful address to the assistants, in the course of which I was unnecessarily facetious at the expense of book reviewers. At the close, I learned that the books beneath his arm were volumes sent him by *The New Republic* for review. He shook his head with whimsical sadness. "You have made it much more difficult for me to review these books," he said. I had, of course, done nothing of the sort; but it was his way of being gracious to the impertinent young man whose lecture he had honored by his attendance.

We last met at Thornton Wilder's lecture in the Hotel Sherman, where he and Wilder encountered for the first time in the flesh, although after a considerable correspond-

ence. It was my pleasure to bring them together, but the gesture was unnecessary. Somewhat of the service rendered the younger novelist by the older may be read in Mr. Wilder's cameo-like tribute in these pages.

That is all, and I wish it might have been otherwise, that I might now be writing pages of happy reminiscence; but Fuller is dead and there is nothing more upon the personal side for me to say. Others will eulogize his books, with a better right to do so. I shall re-read them with my regrets springing fresh from every page.

In the death of Henry Fuller, Chicago has lost the dean of her men of letters and, I think, the best of them. She has lost one of the finest and most modest of her citizens. There is no successor to his place and there can be none.

VINCENT STARRETT.

From Robert Burns Peattie

H. B. F. was so kind, so gentle a friend to all our household, that we seldom remembered that he was also a distinguished man of letters. He often was invited to our house, but was never more welcome than when he came on the moment's impulse, perhaps on some stormy, blowy day and slipped in to sit with us before the fire and drink a cup of tea. He had been down to watch old Michigan pounding on the shore; or had been looking at a new community playground; or tramping about the steel mill district to see the foreign faces. If we had some notable joy, he called to congratulate us. When sorrow came he hastened to us. If we wrote a book he volunteered to correct the proof. We saw him at lectures and concerts, half-hiding in the background, and more interested in the reactions

of the people than in the performance. He liked to taste and sip life that way, not eating too heartily of its apples nor drinking too deep of its ale. As we think of him now, we still keep forgetting that he was anything to the world or to us but the gentle friend.

ROBERT BURNS PEATTIE.

From Fanny Butcher

The Chicago Tribune

In the death of Henry B. Fuller Chicago has lost one of its major literary figures. To the more than three millions who weave ceaselessly about in the maelstrom that bears the name "Chicago" the name of Henry B. Fuller meant far less than that of Frankie Lake, for the very fewest of the vast number ever heard of him.

Even to the so-called literati of the city it was a name only hazily connected with their own town. For Henry Fuller was that most unusual of persons, a truly shy soul who shrank, almost with pain, from contacts with his fellow men. He was a man from nowhere and of nowhere except the realms of the mind.

Perhaps that is why he was such a great creative writer—he spent all of his energies, all of his friendships, all of his zests on his work. The result was prose as beautiful as has been written within his generation, novels of a beauty so rare that they never attained any popularity although no real critic of American literature has ever passed them by, or could.

He wrote the first satire on free verse in a poem of as good free verse as that which he satirized, and that in a day before any one else had thought of doing it. He wrote the

most exquisite Italian idyl in *The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani* and the keenest college story in *Bertram Cope's Year* before those two subjects became biscuit cutter plots.

He was a truly great writer, one of the few really great ones that Chicago has produced. But he was a painfully shy and lonely person and fame was never invited into his house by its master. Now perhaps, ironically, she will walk in and manage it, for such is the way of life.

FANNY BUTCHER.

From Llewelyn Jones

Chicago Evening Post

HENRY BLAKE FULLER

Henry B. Fuller was an ironist, though a gentle one, and there was something sadly ironic in his sudden death just when his mind seemed renewing its youthful creativeness and he was anticipating the publication of two books this year.

It would be idle to ask why the works of Mr. Fuller have not enjoyed that continuous popularity which is their due. That, as Carl Van Doren says of him in *Contemporary American Novelists,* "he dwelt above the furies" is, of course, true. And he did not even keep himself in the mind of a small coterie by publishing regularly. He wrote and published to please himself, never permitted himself to be exploited and lionized, shunned all society but that of his chosen friends.

He was, to put it simply, an individualist and one who was clear about his own values and refused to depart from them. And only those who knew him intimately can gauge the reserves behind that quietness and can know that, in

the channels to which he confined it, Mr. Fuller's life was productive and successful and evocative of interest, admiration and loyalty on the part of those who were privileged to call him their friend.

LLEWELYN JONES.

From A. H. Franciscus

It was in the year 1911 that I first met Henry B. Fuller. Soon our acquaintance grew to warmest friendship. His modesty, his retiring nature, his unselfishness and above all, his great desire to help those who needed help, endeared him to me. Whole days he would spend with me. Overcoming his great reserve, he came to me on occasions to read the manuscripts of his latest works before sending them to his publisher, knowing my interest. Being somewhat incapacitated to do research work, necessary to my profession, I always found "Henri," as I called him, ready to substitute for my eyes and most willing to assist me, drawing from his great knowledge and wonderful memory, or, he would take out his little note book making memoranda of the points on which he was not quite clear; then visiting one library after another, delving into reference books until he found the information I needed and coming the next day to report on his discoveries. He cheerfully called me "the human interrogation mark." Never did I find him unwilling to be of service—nothing was too much to ask him to do to help me out of my difficulties. He insisted, in his generosity, that he loved the work and would end by saying, "Give me some more conundrums." He was always tolerant in his treatment of others. I never heard him speak an unkind word regarding anyone. His passing was a great blow to me.

A. H. FRANCISCUS.

From Joseph Gillespie

Mr. Fuller, or "Uncle Harry" as I got to call him came often to my small apartment for breakfast, and coming, even though on several occasions it was unexpected, was always a most pleasant event.

Invariably he was in one of those delightfully enjoyable humors of his, so greatly appreciated and loved by those who had closest contact with the scintillations of his brilliant mind. And we would laugh and laugh again, at anything—or nothing, it did not matter which.

Sometimes when I had to go to my office earlier than usual, I would beg him to stay while I was gone, and get the benefit of the sunlight which streamed in on some of the cold winter days. When I came home, there was always a pungent little note, written in that inimitable way of his addressed to his "Neview." I had several letters from him last summer while I was in Paris, and was looking forward to seeing him again, and going over with him some amusing experiences of the summer. It so happened that when the news of his passing reached me I was with Mr. Franciscus, another of his close friends. A number of letters came that day, and we saved them until we went to déjeuner at La Reine Blanche. The letter with its burden of sorrow affected us so much that very little was eaten.

A most brilliant, and at the same time a most modest mind has left us, and it will be long before the pangs of sadness begin to disappear.

JOSEPH GILLESPIE.

From Leonne Wood Stevens

The month of July, 1929, brought to Chicago a hot spell that for intensity and duration has known few equals. It

was the kind of weather that wilts everything, the kind that brings suffering to babies and the sick, and that invariably takes its toll from those whose span of years is reaching the maximum.

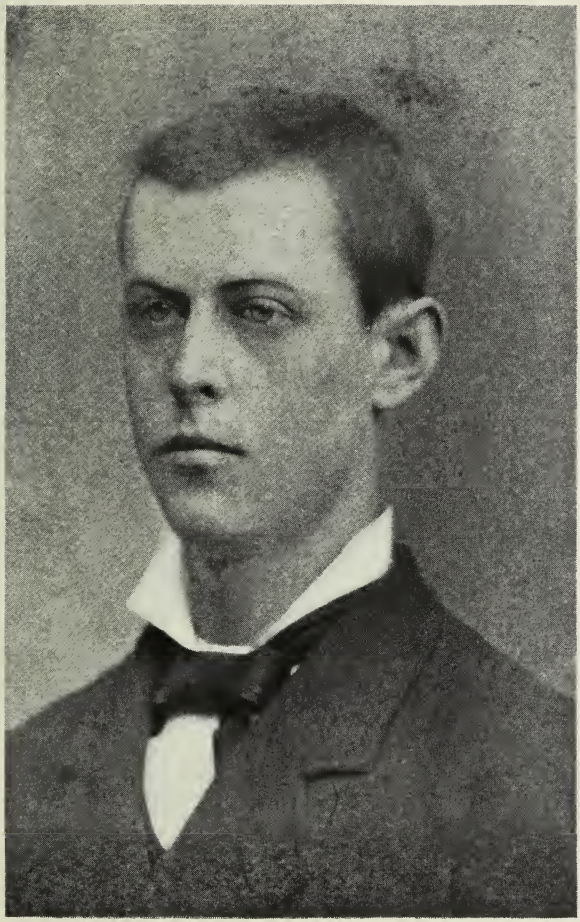
It was during one of these days that "Henry B." called at my house for a friendly visit and a chat about our friends who were abroad. It was clear that he was not really well, but, thinking it would help him to have his thoughts diverted from himself, I filled the conversation with the affairs of others.

Of course he responded, as always, for never was there one who felt a keener interest in the activities of others, particularly young folk. Young men especially could be sure of his interest in their ambitions, could be sure of a word of friendly advice and help. Never was there one whose nature so literally overflowed with kindliness toward others.

This time I asked his interest on behalf of a little boy, a youngster of only eight years who had shown some talent in modelling with clay, and whose mother wished that he might some time have contact with the work of a great master that he might see the process of sculpture. The child was a stranger to Mr. Fuller, who had only the slightest acquaintance with the parents, yet his kindliness responded at once and he promised an introduction to the studio of his friend, Lorado Taft.

Our visit ended and he arose to go. Outside, he hesitated for a moment or two as though uncertain which way to go. I called him back to rest a little longer from the heat. "No, no," he said, "I'm all right," and with that he started for the studio.

The following night death called him. But this, perhaps



Henry B. Fuller
Age Eighteen Years

the last request made to him, had not gone unheeded, in spite of the difficulties in the way. Tired, worn by the heat, his great heart fluttering toward its final beat, still his unfailing kindliness, his interest in the vague future of an unknown child, prompted him to this last act of human friendship.

So it was that the child met the great master.

LEONNE WOOD STEVENS.

From Nellie V. Walker

Of all those things which endeared Mr. Fuller to us, I think I shall miss most his many friendly and unexpected visits to the studio; that knock—unlike any other—at the door and his cheery greetings. Sometimes he came to tell me something pleasant he had heard about some of us. Sometimes he came to enlist our interest in some thing or in some one that had engaged his interests; sometimes he came to sit before the fire and to rest a bit at the end of a chilly stroll across the Campus. Sometimes he could be persuaded to stay to lunch or to supper, sometimes he could not be persuaded, but betook himself off on other quests. But always there was about those comings and goings a feeling of undemonstrative but warm and dependable friendship for those of us fortunate enough to know him well.

So it was on that Friday evening preceding his death. He came in after supper to talk about a child, the son of an acquaintance, whose very unusual gift for modelling seemed to need special direction, and to ask someone in the studios to give the boy that help. We talked about other things, about books especially. He spoke amusedly of the problem of proof-reading his new books. Then after

awhile he wandered off across the Midway, bound homeward by way of the Campus—and a friendship which I prized dearly was over.

NELLIE V. WALKER.

From Ella M. Saunders

The Blackstone Library

With the passing of Henry Blake Fuller, one chapter of American literary history seems definitely closed, and yet, so forward-looking, so "modern," if you like, was his genuis, that we think of him in terms of his successors rather than his contemporaries. Or shall we say that Mr. Fuller was always a contemporary? The true artist is always a seer, though many outlive their period; of him we would hardly say that he advanced with his time, but that his world grew to meet him, who had divined it a generation before.

For, in the middle nineties, amid a welter of romanticism, not to say sentimentality and conventional morality, he was writing with a method so sane and assured, a judgment so balanced and unfettered, in short, so fine a realism, that *The Cliff Dwellers* and *With the Procession,* except for their background, might have been written yesterday.

Nevertheless, his first literary ventures, *The Chevalier of Pensieri Vani* and *The Chatelaine of La Trinité,* were distinctly in romantic vein, and barely suggested the relentless realism with which he was to depict the social life of his native city, dominated by ruthless and sordid business interests. Some critics, notably Carl Van Vechten, believe that his reputation will finally rest on these earlier productions, but the Chicago stories will stand as human documents, and

be remembered with Herrick's *The Common Lot,* Norris' *The Pit,* and Dreiser's *Titan,* all of which they antedated by some years. Mr. Fuller's grandfather, who settled in Chicago in 1839, came from New England, and was a cousin of Margaret Fuller. Both he and the author's father were men of substance, engrossed in mercantile pursuits and in the building of the city, and it was due to pressure of the family tradition that he worked as a bookkeeper in a bank for several years, ostensibly for business experience, in reality, as the event proved, to save enough to go to Europe. For he was one of those who, like Henry James and Henry Adams, and perhaps our own Louis Sullivan, reacting from the crudities of the American scene, felt a nostalgia for the mellow beauty of the old world; and who were victims always, in varying degrees, of conflict and frustration.

So, as he had been a throw-back in his family and misfit in the counting room, he remained in his own Chicago something of a pilgrim and a stranger, and from this detachment his art suffered, no doubt, to a degree, though it sufficed to give him a permanent place in American letters.

Two books recently completed by Mr. Fuller will shortly appear under the Knopf imprint. We may expect in these no lack of vigor, and may well regret that his tale of years was held so strictly to the allotted three-score and ten.

At the reading room of the Blackstone library, where he was a familiar figure, a certain blankness will long be apparent, wanting this quiet presence, which of itself, seemed to lend a scholarly atmosphere to the place.

Ella M. Saunders.

From Caroline L. Elliott

The Chicago Public Library

There are few men so absolutely innocent of personal exaltation as was Mr. Fuller and there are few having so large a fund of exact knowledge.

So it is not surprising that many of his friends when in doubt regarding some question said, "Ask Henry Fuller," but few of them knew how painstaking he was in his effort to verify the information he gave out.

Librarians coming in personal contact with Mr. Fuller were filled with admiration and wonder at his conscientious effort to assist a friend to some bit of information.

If these friends miss their contacts with him, much more will the libraries he constantly made use of, miss him.

In and out, day after day, on some literary quest, there was always a reticent friendliness of manner, a kindliness toward those who served him and such an evident scholarship, that in spite of his modesty he attracted attention and the word would pass from one to another "Mr. Fuller is here."

He, less than any one realized this or realized the place he held in the minds of the younger generation because of his many likable characteristics and his literary accomplishments.

This friendship, professional though it was, will forever be a cherished memory.

CAROLINE L. ELLIOTT.

From Isabel Garland Johnson

I cannot think of Chicago without "Uncle Henry B." No real uncle could have been more interested in us or

closer to us. He laughed at our childish extravagances, listened gravely when we confided in him and discussed the world with us as if we were intelligent grown-up human beings. I shall never forget what satisfaction his cheery laugh brought us and how eager we were to know what "Uncle Henry B." would think of some plan or idea. Strange, witty and delightful uncle, all my life I shall be grateful for the memory of him.

ISABEL GARLAND JOHNSON.

From Martha Bensley Bruere

Every one who cares for perfection in that great art—the writing of English—shares one side of Henry B. Fuller, but they cannot know the side he showed to us who were his friends.

My share in his friendship began when he was only a name and Mrs. Helen Starrett read one of his early books to my class in school. "For any of you who want to write there is no better model than this!" she said. On that day he seemed to materialize remotely as one producing perfection on a pedestal. He did not become human and adjacent until I was home from college and met him at dinner—blonde and gay and emitting sparks of humor, not the pepper-pot sort but as pleasantly exciting as spice cake. After that I read the *Last Refuge,* sketching it out over a whole month because the perfect sentence building, the perfect paragraphs up into the perfect pages had each one to be especially delighted in. He told me afterward that the *Last Refuge* was "a decoration to fill a given space."

And then *I myself* produced an article that a magazine consented to print and in the overwhelming triumph of it

sent a copy to "Henry B." The warmth of that triumph is still with me for pinned to the old tattered copy is a letter from him ignoring the split infinitive and the punctuation marks dropped carelessly upon it from a casual salt shaker, and all the trusting of one who was just learning to put words end to end, and praising the thing I had tried to do. "Is this" he concludes "because you are the village cut-up or because you have a merry heart?"

I have a few more of these letters written years apart. They always ignore the violations of his own high standards and mention some little thing that pleased him. Once I remember he was pushed to extremity. It was in June, 1923—he wrote the date in my guest book.

I saw him glance at an article of mine and at lunch asked him if he liked it. There was a long silence and Fred Richardson across the table obviously prepared for rescue. Then "Henry B's" eyes twinkled at the corners, his head dipped to one side and he said: "I liked what you had to say!" and to ease the situation repeated the poem he made when we were all camping at Bass Lake and named the eating tent The Fuller Club in his honor; "This pud—is good!"—and it was nothing but a rice pudding at that!

These are the littlest things to write about a great artist, but to me personally the years and years in which Henry B. took pains to encourage me by telling me whatever he could find of good in what I wrote or drew or said, are one of the big things in life. How hard it will be never to have him lead me on to believe that some day I can write a perfect page.

MARTHA BENSLEY BRUERE.

HENRY B. FULLER

From I. K. Friedman

A city is not only a matter of stones and streets but of memories, associations and contacts as well; ghosts of myriad shapes haunt it; and one wonders often if the immaterial fabric is not the more substantial part of the organism. So Chicago must be to each of us personally, and together we form an aggregate without which no city is possible.

Thus I do not think of the northwest corner of Michigan avenue and Van Buren in terms of the building that now stands on it, but rather as a superimposition on the old Hotel Victoria, in a corner of which Mr. Keppel conveyed culture from New York to Chicago in the form of rare and (to me) unpurchasable etchings. It was in the tertiary formation of our Chicago, known as the World's Fair period, which has left behind it certain pillared monstrosities of architecture that otherwise—it is to be hoped—would not have found their way here.

It was in that age I won the friendship of Mr. Colbert C. Greer, manager for Mr. Keppel, who had consented with considerable grace and much distinction to serve, as it were, as an advance guard on the then fearsome frontier of American civilization. (His favorite book, I remember, was *Culture's Garland,* in which Eugene Field gently boxed Father Dearborn's ears.) I do not speak disparagingly; Colbert Greer—what has become of him?—was a gentleman so liberal in his attitude to the liberal arts that he taught me the difference between good pictures and bad, which I have had to unlearn in these revolutionary times, and read without being pestered, a series of short stories I

had written under the fatal rubric of *The Lucky Number.* A maiden effort if I may now say it!

The second of those two aforesaid achievements must have required an even greater amount of courage and kindliness than the first because Mr. Greer had an invincible prejudice against the slums, with which dark and gloomy terrain those stories dealt. Still stranger, he professed great liking for them and proved his sincerity and again his courage by passing them on to Henry Fuller, whose friendship he had made through the medium of his etchings.

This hardihood on the part of Mr. Greer appalled me because I had read Fuller's *Chevalier of Pensieri Vani*—that shamefully neglected masterpiece of high irony, subtile wit and glowing beauty—and I could not see how its author in good conscience could do anything else than advise me to "Omit flowers!"—I was working in my brother's floral shop at the time.

However, some weeks later when I was sent for and met Fuller for the first time at Keppel's he had the manuscript in hand and on his lips words of the kindest imaginable praise, not unmixed with valuable criticism and suggestions. Then in his characteristic, shy, unforgettable manner, as if I were the judge and he the culprit, he disappeared, leaving me to believe that he would have more to say next time, if a next time was to be. What could one think of such a fugitive being? Incidentally the manuscript went with him and some time thereafter I received notice that Way & Williams, two Chicago angels—there were such even in those days—would publish it. Such was the man Fuller, flying ever from one disinterested deed to another, without so much as pausing on the way for thanks on the part of those in whose behalf that continuous flight was taken.

Those things are not to be recorded without tears and the feeling of the utter inadequacy of any tribute that one can pay to him.

I had no better friend or one, let me say rather, whose friendship I treasured more and yet now that he is gone my abiding impression of him is that I had come to know him by snatches, in a sort of fragmentary manner—the best way my scant means can put it. There were occasions when he was poetically moody, silent or absorbed; oftener he would chat for a while in his gay but always informative manner, a book, picture, person or what not his text, and exit on an epigram that a man less careless of fame and time would have saved for his works.

Once, for instance, after my return from the Orient, just as I was about to tee off on the links of Jackson Park, he caught me by the end of my jacket, laughed shyly and excused himself with the remark that he had to finish before the end of the hour Anatole France's *M. Bergeret in Paris,* which he had under his arm. "A philosophical cream-puff, I. K.", was the telling way with which he disposed of the book. The incident, it may be, is only valuable for the phrase; but the phrase is noteworthy because, 25 years ahead of its time, it summed up what the best of the younger French critics have to say of that gifted dilettante of letters.

Thus, space permitting, I might meander on and on for pages; but it all goes back to what I started out to say and could serve but for other illustrations of it. The personality, the wit of this unique and lovable man made for me a Chicago built of and enriched by things that are irrevocably associated with him. Certainly our city is the better for his having lived in it, no less than for his having written about it novels unsurpassed in their *genre* and for their time. We

may raise loftier and handsomer buildings to the skies, but for those of his generation the Chicago of Henry B. Fuller cannot pass away.

He said to me once in one of those moments of depression common to us all that he hoped he might be remembered by a few choice souls, and it would be good to believe that in his last moments it was his conviction that the modest wish of the artist and the man would be immensely better than gratified.

I. K. Friedman.

From Ralph Clarkson

So many interesting phases of his personality come to my mind when recalling Henry Fuller that it is difficult for me to write of any one of them yet a quality of mind that many of his friends would not call forth was of particular joy and value to me. I often sought his reaction to anything that I might be painting and what he felt and expressed meant more to me than the judgment of my artist friends. They could not disassociate their impression from the technical side of the work whereas he responded emotionally to it with a power of characterization that was just and delightfully amusing.

A deliciously whimsical attitude of mind was always present when he visited my studio "To stir me up" as he would say, on some particular question of art method.

How I shall miss those contacts!

Ralph Clarkson.

From Irving K. Pond

It is of my personal relationship with Henry Fuller, especially as touching certain phases of his many sided appreci-

ation of Art, that I write. When we first met, Henry Fuller had published the first edition of *Pensieri Vani* and it had attracted the notice of that literary coterie in the east which later took it up and made a wider distribution possible—not only this but paved the way to publishers' doors and kept, with his aid, the path fairly free. Our first meeting was at an evening dinner at the home of Franklin Head on Banks Street; Fuller, my brother and I being, as I recollect it, the only guests. If social ice had tended to congeal, and I found out later that social ice never congealed in his presence, the tendency was dissipated when I learned that Fuller already, and for some time, had known my name; he having read my travel sketches in an Architectural Journal, a series which beginning in 1884 had extended over a period of some years. My descriptions of Spain, published at the beginning of the series, interested him and he had followed it through reading, too, my essays on architectural subjects which were interspersed. He was a knowing critic of architecture and had a structural sense, showing so clearly in his writings, and felt structure wherever it was. Once in the earlier years of our friendship after a discussion of architectural processes and ideals, he said to me: "I. K., you write just as you design. The underlying structure of your writings gives them an architectural quality." Appreciation of structure, harmony, rhythm, melody, lay deep within him.

He wrote understandingly upon the architecture of the Columbian Exposition, the Chicago Fair. Although a romanticist by nature and at heart, his fine feeling for form and his instinct for style led Fuller to appreciate those characteristics of classic architecture which he would have others emulate but not imitate. Many have been the quiet talks participated in by Fuller, my brother and myself; the train

of thought being switched at will from the track of the plastic arts or music to that of philosophy, reform, sociology or politics. Around all these themes Fuller's mind played with a fancy not lacking in depth. Books, buildings, pictures and men furnished food for thought and discussion on these intimate excursions into the domain of genial intercourse. Fuller had the reputation of being quiet and retiring and diffident among men or in a crowd or at social functions; but his aspect was different in these small gatherings among friends.

Although so different in type, there existed a deep kinship of feeling between Fuller and my brother, Allen B. Pond, who preceded him by only a few weeks into the great Beyond. Fuller was a constant and consistent backer of my brother in his various measures for reform and together they trod paths of material and of immaterial or spiritual beauty. Fuller was gentle in manner and speech. Allen B. Pond had, down within him, Fuller's gentleness of nature; but the paths in which he walked led my brother at times into a characteristic incisiveness and vigor of speech. These varied characteristics of expression made their intimate conversations a treat to one on the side lines who could aid and abet as, on many occasions, I was able to do.

Silence did not follow upon Henry Fuller's passing—the exquisite music has not ceased but reverberates ever in the hearts and memories of his friends.

IRVING K. POND.

10 Ma Ta-Jen Hutung
Peking

From Lucy Calhoun

Dear Anna:

I was touched that you should write me about the death of our dear friend. To me, as to you, Chicago will never be quite the same without him. His loyalty was perfect. In spite of the fact that he was always a recluse, half-hidden in mystery, I could always count upon his friendship, his truth and sincerity. He had marvellous tolerance and understanding. Even when the world looked at his exquisite work and passed it by, he had a smiling sympathy with its indifference. He lived behind veils and never confessed when he was hurt. Whenever he came out into the world, he smiled and was content. And more than anyone else, he enjoyed the success of a friend and lived in it. A modest soul and a brave one—if ever there was one.

LUCY CALHOUN.

From Frederick W. Gookin

Only the chosen friends who were privileged to know Henry Fuller intimately could appreciate the innate fineness of his character. Only to them and not often even to them did he reveal his inner thoughts and feelings. The singular aloofness which was one of his most salient traits, kept him always more or less shut within himself. Keenly interested in his fellow men, he was nevertheless, for the most part, in the position of one viewing passers-by from a window instead of going out and mingling with the throng.

Personally attractive, gracious in manner, and intellectually alert, he came into contact socially with people of all

classes so far as he desired; yet although in the world he was curiously not of it. His activities were mental rather than physical. Not even in his early years, apparently, did he care to take part in athletic sports. And in his mature years he could never be persuaded to join any club or society save The Little Room. Because that unorganized, informal group included many of his closest friends, he was a frequent attendant at its meetings, finding there congenial spirits and contributing much to the enjoyment of all who who came into contact with him there. Other societies and clubs he shunned, describing himself as one of the unclubable.

To take part in the rough and tumble of a business career had for him no attraction, and fortunately a modest inheritance saved him from the necessity of immersing himself in that whirlpool. Thus he was enabled to devote his life, without either the impediment or the stimulus of financial strain, to the literary pursuits which were his greatest delight. Inner compulsion was, however, unfailing. In these pursuits virtually all of his life was spent; mostly in creative work, though for several years he was the literary editor of *The Chicago Evening Post* and gave much time to critical reviewing, and in recent years he contributed many book reviews to *The Nation* and other periodicals. For this he was unusually well fitted.

His acquaintance with literature was extensive, his reading covered a wide range, and he had a highly trained appreciation of style and of the value of words. The acuteness of perception of their meanings and connotations is everywhere evident in all that he wrote. His books, therefore, are of worth not for their content alone, but for the rightness of his expression and his felicitous phrasing. And to those of

us who knew him well during many years, when we turn the pages and read his words, the man himself comes before us in a mental vision of one who, in all the relations of life, was supremely gentle.

Well may we feel proud to have been admitted to the inner circle of those whom he held dear.

FREDERICK W. GOOKIN.

From Hamlin Garland

Henry Fuller was, for more than thirty years, my intimate friend and adviser. I valued his judgment more than that of any of my friends save Howells. He was a man of wide reading and had all his information at the tip of his tongue. Shy as he was when meeting strangers, he had the precision of speech which comes from exact knowledge. He knew Chicago better than any other man and he wrote like the master of English that he was. His *With the Procession* and *The Cliff Dwellers* remain the best, technically, of all the attempts to deal with Chicago social life because he knew it from the inside. He grew up, not with it, but ahead of it. He wrote of it with beauty, humor and precision—qualities which do not go out of date. His *The Chevalier of Pensieri Vani* has been used at Harvard University in classes studying style.

* * * * *

It is probable that my wife and daughters know as much of Henry Fuller's peculiarities and perversities as any one outside his family, for he lived with us for several weeks at various times, and for three summers occupied our flat in New York City. His visits to us in the country were short.

To him the chirp of the robins was a "yelp." He detested rural noises. He could not sleep after the birds began to stir of a morning. He carried wads of cotton batting with which to stuff his ears against the "drone" of the katydids and the crowing of the rooster. He didn't mind the clatter of the milk wagon, but the "infernal din" springtime frogs drove him distracted.

He loved cities. He knew everything that was going on in New York as well as in Chicago. He inspected every new building and viewed every exhibit whether of pictures or of automobiles. Almost every day while living in our flat he set out to explore the town. One day would be spent in the negro quarter. The next would take him to the water-side of Brooklyn. On the third he would board the ferry for Staten Island. He pored over the plans for new avenues and bridges. As self-appointed supervisor of the new cathedral, he studied it from week to week with meticulous care, well qualified to understand architecture, for he had given much time to books on the art and its examples in Europe; but the place he was most completely at home was a library. He wore his poor eyes to weakness by incessant reading.

He read all his spare time and remembered what he read. This made him impatient of blunderers like myself. His statements were always exact, while mine were blurred. Once I came upon him in the Newberry Library. "What are you reading now?" I demanded. Taking off his glasses, he wiped his tired eyes. "I've been posting up on the relative size and gun-power of the various navies," he replied.

This was characteristic of him. If anything interested him he straightway went to the library and mastered it in all its details. He had no intention of writing about Euro-

pean navies, but he had the desire to know exactly how many and what size guns they carried.

He knew the history of Florence but so did he of Chicago. Once he came to visit us in West Salem. The County Fair flared forth a block or two below us. Fuller went early the next morning exactly as if he were visiting Genoa or Pisa to inspect it. He gravely surveyed the fat hogs, the panting sheep, and other live stock exhibits, and afterward with equal care passed upon the "spatter work," the peach preserves and other exhibits of the household department. In the end he knew more about the show than any of the old residents and ten times as much as I. We laughed at him and with him over the meticulosity of interest, for he saw the humor of it; but as I was busy at my desk he felt that he should improve the hour, and besides the Fair was there to be studied.

Nothing escaped his notice. Strange little man! When we have all made report of him he will still remain a mystery, a lonely, wandering soul.

HAMLIN GARLAND.

From Lorado Taft

. . . We know that our friend's elusive personality was as strong as steel within. He had his principles and his own formula of life and seldom did his intimates attempt to lead him. If attempted, the experiment was not repeated. It was an education to some of us in the early days of our acquaintance to come upon the firmness of that apparently deprecatory and shrinking nature. In the inevitableness of his conduct there was a suggestion of the rock-ribbed eternal verities. No prophet of old was more sure of himself than was our gentle "Henry B."

What a boundless mental curiosity was his! How interested in all around him! Often this eagerness seemed paradoxical. With a mind so subtle and taste so marvelously attuned to the finest, he nevertheless was concerned in every step of Chicago's rowdy progress. He was literally a committee of the whole in his knowledge of our big town. He would travel impossible distances to see some new building or to note a civic improvement. He constantly recalled to my mind that expression of the young William James, writing to his brother: "After all it is the amount of life that a man feels that makes you respect him." How the young philosopher would have admired our friend!

But there was another more intimate phase of this remarkable awareness that I wish to refer to. It has been said that: "The greatest thing that anyone can do for a fellow mortal is to show an interest in him." This is where Mr. Fuller was supreme. Seldom did he talk of himself or of the details of his own work, but how inspiringly concerned he showed himself in the rest of us and in what we were trying to do. For many years he averaged one visit a week to the Midway Studios. He knocked at each door, knowing that he was welcome, and inspected our work with words of intelligent encouragement or, if pressed, of illuminative criticism, often of the greatest value. We came to look for these counsels and were ever grateful for them. Generally his visits were planned that he might join us at the merry "Groaning-Board"—our somewhat equivocal pet name for the studio long luncheon table. Here he would talk brilliantly, or keep silent, as suited his mood, but never did he fail to notice every one of the twenty or thirty young artists gathered there. How many times I have heard him whisper, "Who is the new boy?" "Where does he come from?" "Is

he talented?" Of course the new boy—or girl—was always exceptionally talented and full of promise. Oh, how promising we all have been! And Henry B. would listen with grave attention to items which he never forgot. After the meal he almost invariably went over and chatted with the new-comer. Frequently he would return quite delighted with the results of this brief glimpse into the depths of another eager and expectant human soul. On subsequent visits he never failed to inquire after the youth's progress.

Those better equipped than I have told you of Mr. Fuller's art, of his profound knowledge and craftsmanship, but with me the abiding memory will always be his human sympathy—his interest in every budding talent. Goodbye, Henry B.! We shall not hear your friendly voice again at the Midway Studios, but we shall not forget you.

LORADO TAFT.

From John T. McCutcheon

I first came to know Henry B. Fuller at the meetings of The Little Room which were held in Ralph Clarkson's studio each Friday afternoon during the winter. In the friendly atmosphere of the big shadowy room, there would always be an interesting group of painters, writers, sculptors and musicians clustered around the samovar or scattered about in the pleasant haze of smoke.

The Little Room was an institution in the cultural life of Chicago—informal, stimulating and gayly friendly. Among those who assembled regularly in that colorful setting was Henry Fuller and I feel sure it was a relationship with kindred spirits which he valued perhaps more than any other relationship he had in life and I recall how his natural kind-

ness seemed to expand among those devoted and cherished friends.

His reputation as a writer of distinguished fineness was already established and I remember how I looked upon him as one who had succeeded in doing that which he most desired to do. In his assured place in the field of best literature, he stood apart, higher and finer than his brothers of the pen. And so, when once he did me the great honor of complimenting me for something I had created, I knew that it was a compliment to be treasured, which I have always done.

As the years went by, I saw him less frequently but when I did, it was to find him the same kindly, diffident and rather self-effacing personality that I had respected so highly in the old days. I had a feeling that the belated exuberance of modern life must have been uncongenial to him; that the poetic refinement of his literary style was out of key with the commercialized frankness of the present days, and that he walked like a stranger in a strange land amidst the rush of hurried books, the clamor of jazz and the frenzied struggle for sensationalism. I knew that he would not compromise to meet the changed conditions and in his heart he marched bravely to the end, conscious that he had been true to his ideals and faithful to his high standards.

JOHN T. MCCUTCHEON.

From Horace J. Bridges

It is with pain that, upon returning from Europe, I learn that we have lost him whom we all called "Henry B." How the stars are vanishing, and how deep is the darkness ahead! Is it the darkness before dawn, or before an Arctic night of the spirit?

I first met him about fourteen years ago, in B. L. T.'s delightful home. When Bert introduced us, I confess, with a blush for my ignorance, that his name meant as little to me as mine can have meant to him. But after he had taken a somewhat early departure, I asked Bert who the quiet little gentleman was—and learned.

"Reputations do not travel Eastward." So Harriet Monroe warned me when I first came here; and it is as true today as ever. Boston, New York, and Europe think Chicago is still what Fuller knew that it was in the nineties. We take good care to justify their opinion, not only by our political and other criminal exhibitions, but by our own neglect of the few figures that prove the existence of Chicago's soul. Fuller to this day means nothing to the big Chicago—the Chicago that votes and boosts, and chews gum and patronizes the speak-easies, and "knows the price of everything and the value of nothing," and has its "opinions" made for it by the noisier newspapers and the movies and the "radio." That Chicago goes its way, lives and eats and breeds and dies, absorbed ever in the pursuit of quantity, oblivious of quality; oblivious, that is, of its own dormant soul, and of the beauty and truth without which all its quantitative miracles are worthless.

This neglect of Fuller was tragic—but for his community, not for him. Born in exile as he was, he yet found the mental and aesthetic air that to him was the breath of life. He communed habitually with the immortals, and possessed the high consciousness of the wanderer out of Plato's cave. What the herd thought could not harm him, save as a lover of his kind must deplore the darkness of the herd. He had to endure the general taste for the "Squash-pictures" of his own story. From this, refuge was necessary—but

refuge there always was, among the great books and in the company of the elect few of his friends. And the man liberated his soul.

One day, the Chicago he longed for will come. Brains and taste will not forever be prisoned underground, while the crooks, the Babbitts and the boosters occupy the stage and make Chicago's name odious around the world. And when the better time comes, among all the coterie of noble spirits who have toiled unseen or amid ridicule to make it possible, two great names in literature will, at long last, be justly honored: William Vaughn Moody and Henry Blake Fuller.

HORACE J. BRIDGES.

From Mrs. Bert Leston Taylor

HENRY FULLER AND B. L. T.

The first time Henry B. Fuller came to our home was on a Saturday night after one of the Thomas Concerts, then given in the Auditorium and conducted by Theodore Thomas. Tiffany Blake, who usually came home with us after these concerts, brought "Henry B." (I suppose everyone knows the "B." stands for Blake). We talked all night, the hours passing like so many minutes under the spell of Mr. Fuller's brilliant mind.

After that, no party was complete without him. No man had a greater influence over my husband; no one's praise was more highly prized, and it was logical that Henry B. Fuller should have been chosen as the "literary executor of B. L. T.", as the *Boston Transcript* called him.

My husband nearly dedicated his child's book, *The Well in the Wood* to Mr. Fuller. Why he did not is told on the

flyleaf of the book. Mr. Fuller's review of this book was one of the nicest things that ever happened to Bert. It was over a column in length, and had a big heading which extended across the top of the page. Tiffany Blake was responsible for this, as he was then Book Editor of the *Post*. This review was reprinted in the *Post* by Llewelyn Jones when the *Well* appeared in Alfred Knopf's new edition of Bert's books. When Henry B. read it again after the lapse of years, he remarked that it was one of the best bits of writing he ever did.

He contributed to the Line under the name of "Earnest Penwell" and, I believe "Yseult Potts."

What Mr. Fuller thought of Bert he tells in part in his foreword to the posthumous book, *The So-Called Human Race*.

My husband seems to have kept Mr. Fuller's letters to him, beginning in 1901, so that I possess an invaluable record of their friendship. Like most of Mr. Fuller's literary friends, Bert valued his criticism highly, so the letters are full of advice and friendly criticism. One day I visited a dealer in autographs trying to interest him in a Dolly Madison letter, but he informed me that Dolly apparently spent most of her time writing letters, as the market was flooded with them. I had one of Henry Fuller's books in my hand, which the dealer remarked, "Now *there* is a man whose autographs are worth something!"

Why Mr. Fuller never joined the Cliff Dwellers is explained in the following letter.

Chicago, Thursday.

Dear B. L. T.:

I have been thinking of writing Mrs. Taylor almost any time this last week. I have a little legal business connected

with my mother's Wisconsin property which is not likely to let me off (eastward) before the 15th, but I am gradually getting ready to ship myself and will let you know a little later.

I note the results of your Riverside yachting in the last *Everybody's*. I think I could make a pretty good "lady land lubber" myself.

The "Attic Club," I hear, is to be called "The Cliff Dwellers." I hope not. If it is, I don't join, you bet.

I hope I SHALL get to old Conn. before the autumn foliage is put on the bargain counter. I want to see the bridge and the power-house and Alva's growth in grace this past two years.

With best regards to yourself and to Emma Brahms Taylor, I am

Yours sincerely,

H. B. FULLER.

EMMA TAYLOR.

From Tiffany Blake

Chicago Tribune

A STAR THAT WILL BRIGHTEN

Literary reputations have their rise and fall. Even Shakespeare's faded astonishingly in the 18th century and there are many only less notable instances. The death of Henry B. Fuller last week suggests a rather confident prediction that the event will be of more note in our future history than Mr. Fuller's modest retirement or the contemporaneous measure of his accomplishment would imply. In an age of advertising a writer of exceptional gifts is not unlikely to be relatively obscure unless he either possesses in his own personality or has bestowed upon him the advantages of publicity. But happily in the long run a literary achievement of marked quality, like that of Fuller, receives attention and becomes a resource of the intelligent reader.

Fuller's qualities happened not to be fashionable during the greater part of his period, but they are qualities that endure. No writer of his time in America or elsewhere revealed a more easy mastery of our language or used it with more precision, delicacy and charm. The style was the man, flowering from a rich culture, from a mind clear in its perceptions and extraordinarily well stored, and from an unquenchable and always kindly sympathy for human beings. There is no book in English, we think, more likely to be a little classic than *The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani,* but at this time of growing city self-consciousness we would also predict that *The Cliff Dwellers* and *With the Procession,* Fuller's two novels of Chicago, will be valued more highly as the city itself grows in importance. They are interpretations not only of Chicago during an important period of its evolution but of American life and character which will have a permanent place in our literature and in our social history.

Fuller's was a quiet voice in a rather vociferous generation, but it will have its hearing when we are ready to hear, for it is the voice not of a recluse but of an artist and philosopher who never lost his perception of the human comedy, his warm and friendly liking for human beings, and his wise and assured interest in the American scene.

TIFFANY BLAKE.

From Mark Turbyfill

The name Henry B. Fuller appeared, when I was a boy in high school, in a list of American authors to be read as voluntary supplementary work. The list was preceded by the injunction, "Select any two." I not only selected none,

but missed a literary introduction to probably the most distinguished of them all, one who was soon to become a vivid friend.

His friendship was tonic for a young man just beginning the subjunctive adventure of writing poems. Finding him in the loudest city in the world was like going to a serene country. He was delightfully cool and detached—but I remember warming with pride at the privilege of knowing him. He had a gift for dividing his wealth of sympathy and interest among his young friends so that each felt he received all.

He could make of a homely routine a charming occasion: luncheon or dinner in any drab little restaurant disclosed the delectable; dressing up for a costume party became a whimsical ritual; a walk with him through Jackson Park suggested that the old buildings might reveal once more an aspect that was "handsome"—a word which was characteristic of him. Only those whom he has helped prepare a book for the press may treasure the memory of how generous, keen, and artful he was in such a role.

During one dark winter I spent in New York his letters seemed like a steed to ride upon. As spring drew near he gave reports of thaws in the dunes—signs that our friend Dunehilde, and Top-o-Dune would be expecting us again. One day came an admonition for my formal manner of addressing him. "To some I sign myself, 'Mr. Fuller,' to others, 'Henry,' still to others, 'H. B. F.' But to you I sign myself, 'Henry B'." he concluded.

On the side of a perfect sand-hill, chiseled by the wind, he once laughed and called himself an old satyr. If he had a pose it may have been that of pretending to be older than he was. It amused him to look through the eyes of a witty

self-portrait to which he gave the form of a relique. His "secret vice" was that of keeping quite abreast of the times.

Henry B. (as the Chevalier) in *Gardens of This World* is like a painting by Chirico. He reveals that enchanting new phoenix of bright plumage which arises with the felicitous juxtaposition of the classic and the modern. It is the last word in a timeless and ironic completeness.

MARK TURBYFILL.

From Rudolph Altrocchi

All of Henry B. Fuller's friends—and there are so many—think of him particularly as representing (I am considering the man, not the writer) three qualities: a great capacity for friendship, a deep culture and a charming gentleness of spirit. These qualities, however, which could be immediately detected, do not adequately portray the whole man and friend. Behind these more obvious aspects, those of us who had the happy privilege of knowing him so well could feel a fine, substantial fortitude, an independence of spirit, keenly critical of life and people with, at times, even a benevolently satirical attitude—benevolent satire being, perhaps, one of the subtlest, ripest fruits of experience. We felt a quick discernment of people, which is the writer's, and particularly the novelist's prerogative, a power of appraisal full of wise tolerance, together with a facility for catching the humorous contrasts of human nature. As with all really cultured people, he was not satisfied with the humanities that he had absorbed and loved in his youth, but continued always to draw upon them for daily nourishment and broadening influences. As a conversationalist, our Henry B. Fuller knew how to seek at once a point of contact and, with his wide

knowledge, could immediately proceed to that exchange of constructive observations which distinguishes intellectual from trite conversation. To me he always liked to speak of Italy, of Italian literature, especially of Dante, whose works he read constantly, and loved.

He had, moreover, the faculty of self-criticism, which brought with it almost too great a modesty of attitude, so much so that his friends could easily rank him as one of the ablest and yet the least conceited of friends.

Behind his New England reticence we felt an affectionate, though not an expansive, spirit. There was a solidity of relationship between us that made for constant joy, the joy of fidelity in human partnership. Thus has he left in us all a dear memory, to be forever reverenced as uncommon, indeed as unique.

Che in la mente m'è fitta, ed or m'accora
La cara e buona imagine paterna
Di voi, quando nel mondo ad ora ad ora
M'insegnavate come l'uom s'eterna.

(*Inferno,* XV, 82-85)

Berkeley, Cal. RUDOLPH ALTROCCHI.

From Julia Cooley Altrocchi

LINES FOR HENRY B.

Surely if there be heaven or some dim space
  Beyond the last starred outpost of the sky,
A not too desolate and awesome place—
  Where earth-born spirits gather when they die,
Your soul is there among the gallant host,
  With all the weavers of the sacred spell,
Horace the bland and Dante's ancient ghost
  From that fair Italy you loved so well;

Not far within the paradisial manse,
  Hawthorne and Trollope, Pater and Daudet,
Wise old Montaigne, Balzac and witty France;
  And from your very vineyard and your day,

Howells and Twain, and from beneath your roof,
  Your old friends Moody, Preston, B. L. T.,
Giving you welcome and undying proof
  Of your supernal status, Henry B.

Yet we can see how your shy spirit strays
  Towards the concealment of some furtive cloud,
Evasive even of heaven's splendid praise,
  Demurring at hosannas overloud!

There in the forefront of the scribal host,
  Vainly attempting to be dwarfed and small,
We hear you say, dear, deprecating ghost:
  "I'm only a MINOR spirit, after all!"

JULIA COOLEY ALTROCCHI.

From Charles E. Nixon

To have enjoyed the confidence and association of Henry B. Fuller is a rare memory. Scholarly but unpedantic, a keen but gentle satirist, yet the kindliest of men—"His soul was like a star that dwelt apart."

He wrote to please himself, in a style so impeccable, with a view so catholic and convincing in charm that it never failed of high purpose.

Keenly interested in the artistic oddments of life, he ever looked beyond the horizon.

CHARLES E. NIXON.

From Eldora Lynde Nixon

Keenly perceptive and generously appreciative of the finest quality in the art expressions of others, Henry B. Fuller measured his own by a conservative, even rigorous standard.

To the few, who through a subtle approach and an unobtrusive sympathy and understanding, were able to penetrate a highly sensitive reserve, was disclosed a nature of rare quality—met a response in sentiment of real warmth and depth.

An unswerving loyalty to such friendship, was the master-key of Henry B.'s life—the admission to such a privileged association evidenced a certain worthiness in one's own!

ELDORA LYNDE NIXON.

From Thornton Wilder

FOR HENRY BLAKE FULLER

A beginning writer is confused by the reception of his books in America. The comments on his work, for praise or for blame, in the printed reviews are stimulating without being instructive. But it was my good fortune soon after the publication of my first book to find a friend whose long detailed letters of analysis filled my need. Delicate problems of form were weighed; inaccuracies and laziness were rebuked; the shades of meaning in words were debated—and all on the tide of friendliness and an almost solemn sense of the dignity of art. This friend and teacher has gone, but I hope to feel an even increased responsibility to so valuable a guide.

THORNTON WILDER.

It is doubtful if the world has actually lost anything through the death of Henry Fuller. It seems improbable, indeed, that he would have added any written words, save the two posthumous books, to the twelve volumes published during his lifetime. No, the public record may be regarded as quite complete. He who wishes to savour the peculiar charm, the delicate wit, the sprightly intelligence of this distinguished author may do so by lifting the volumes one by one from the shelves. Each person, assuredly, will have his preferences. There may be those who will exult in *The Chevalier;* others, myself among this number, will derive greater pleasures from the perusal of *The Last Refuge* or *Bertram Cope's Year.* To the early "realistic" Chicago novels, as to forerunners, we must all bend the knee reverently, while in *Gardens of This World* we may once more enjoy the spirit of Fuller in its distilled essence.

Nevertheless, if the world has lost nothing, so much cannot be said for Henry Fuller's friends. Certain of his qualities and characteristics were a great deal more than literary: his warm letters of appreciation, for example, his quiet chuckle of delight almost smothered in his white beard, or his careful collocation of words to describe something seen or felt during his day. It is a satisfaction to be aware that Henry Fuller's books remain, but this satisfaction is tempered by the melancholy reflection that the stimulation of his presence now only exists as a memory.

CARL VAN VECHTEN.

From H. C. Chatfield-Taylor

In a book of recollections of four cities written four years ago, I said that high up in a skyscraper, profitably consecrated to the Fine Arts, there is a soothing spot into which Henry B. flutters on Friday in his shy way; for while it is a painter's studio six days of the week, on *Dies Veneris* it is "The Little Room."

To realize that this dear friend will not enter again that room of charming memories is difficult, indeed, for it was there that I last saw him, when, on a day in May, I visited with him the distinguished painter whose studio it is.

I said in the pages of that book of recollections, too, that while many had gone from "The Little Room" never to return, its most enchanting heart still beats, though shyly, in the breast of Henry B. Fuller, whose grace of style and whimsicality led James Russell Lowell to exclaim after reading *The Chevalier of Pensieri Vani:* "A precious book; it tastes of genius."

That most enchanting heart no longer beats, alas, and through its stilling I have lost a generous and inspiring friend, whose place in my affections none can fill.

To those, such as I, who know their insight, subtlety, and charm, the books of Henry B. Fuller are still precious; and ever so will be our memory of their modest, winsome author, who, to us, though we are, alas, too few, is Henry B.—the lovable genius.

H. C. Chatfield-Taylor.

From Booth Tarkington

Henry Fuller's writing was, like himself, of an exquisite texture. I do not know of any satisfactory definition of the

By Ralph Fletcher Seymour, 1919

word "literature"; but I think that what he wrote is literature. In an age that has produced oceans of cheap and easy writing, he was a man of letters who treated his profession honorably as a fine art, and wrote, as he lived, nobly.

BOOTH TARKINGTON.

From John Palmer

To one whose acquaintance with Henry B. Fuller covered only the last decade of his life, he seemed a strangely modern figure. That delicate irony and whimsical detachment would seem to match more truly with the nineteen-twenties than with the eighteen-nineties. It was evident that he himself sensed this, for, in view of the success of certain recent novels, he once said that he believed the American public had at last caught up with him; and with this conviction he returned to his typewriter to produce two complete novels and to project a third that was to be his masterpiece.

Very twentieth century too was his great interest in the European scene, and in the lives of American ex-patriates. This theme, the leading motive of several recent books, he had developed at least thirty years ago, and in *Gardens of This World* he again picked up the old threads of inspiration. Once when we chanced to cross together on a homeward journey, he gave me many vivid sketches of his earlier days in Europe, mainly in Italy: and, admitting his earlier interest in Rome, Florence and Venice, he said that he would now wish to spend most of his time in Paris, the Luminous One.

His next projected work would have had as hero an American stagecoach driver traveling through southern France in the year 1830. This was a period and a type and a setting which he thought full of infinite possibilities, and into which he intended to put his most finished work.

But the Chevalier had written his last novel, and the small assembly of those who use the English language with clear and delicate precision have had to lose a notable member.

JOHN PALMER.

From Paul du Pont

On top of a piano with yards of oat-meal wall paper rolling from one hand and a dripping paste brush in the other, I was introduced to this white bearded, merry-eyed man who, to me, seemed like the veritable St. Peter in drab earthly attire, smiling shyly at my elevated position. Some days later, he wrote our mutual friend asking who the little boy was (for I was just eighteen) who played the piano with so much "sole."

He was a saint and confessor to those of us mortals who needed guidance and advice, as from higher realms . . . by the keeper of keys who entered us to his garden and led us by the hand. Not only through the sky-scrapered avenues of Chicago, but in remote corners of the Mediterranean, I had but to turn the magical ring, when "up popped" Henry B. with a divine word to his "vagabond," to challenge my foe with an awful sword or a brave sling.

Peter left the keys and the Genii, his ring. We have but to unlock the gate and say, "Open Ses'a-me" and there find great written words, for H. B. Fuller left us the patrix.

PAUL DU PONT.

From John Judah Brandon

. . . The world of letters knew him as a scholar, a master of many arts, a writer who, for distinction of form and fine-

ness of perception, has rarely been approached in English literature.

To us he was simply our friend; and, of his varied and great gifts, perhaps the greatest of all was the gift of friendship. The chasms of misunderstanding which too often separate the generations of American life were no barriers to him. He was the beloved comrade of my father, and my mother, throughout the full half of a long lifetime—my friend as well, for a period almost as long, and, in more recent years, the adored playmate of my little boy.

Of the scores of memories which his name invokes the earliest and the latest are the most vivid in my mind. I saw him first more than thirty years ago when I was a shy boy blundering with my mother's tea cups in an apartment which looked out across the Mugnone, over rising slopes of green, and upward toward Boccaccio's villa. Youth sees some things with clear eyes. I knew him for the finest soul that I had ever met. In the days that followed he often took me with him on long rambles. Few men have lived to see beauty with such fullness of understanding. To be with him for an hour, in a Florentine gallery, was an education in itself.

More than all else, he loved the Cascine—that final embodiment of the long tradition of Italian art. In its retired and exquisite peace he was spiritually at home. He talked more freely there than elsewhere. And there, in the shade of quiet cypresses, he gave me such share as I could take in his own perception of the finer values which underly the works of man. Just about all that I have ever come to learn about art and architecture he taught me in those sunlit hours, now so long ago. . . .

Last Summer we had my parents' cottage on the shore of

a pretty lake in Northern Indiana. It was to be the "children's time." Muriel told John that he might have a guest of his own choosing. He answered, with the uncompromising positiveness of the twelve-year-old male, that he wanted "Mr. Fuller and nobody else." To this boy, just as to his father and to his grandfather, Mr. Fuller was the incomparable guest—the dear friend whose presence meant happiness.

We were to write to him the next day. That day the newspaper carried a brief note of his death. There was no softening of the blow to any of us, and of us all, none felt it more than the boy. His boats and his engines were forgotten, and the other children who called to him from the water went unanswered.

We, who were older, went about our accustomed business. Henry Fuller had given us all so much—so much which not even death has power to take from us.

JOHN JUDAH BRANDON.

From Mary Hastings Bradley

HENRY BLAKE FULLER

Elusive as the slipping ray of light
Upon an aspen leaf, he lived among us;
Sometimes a word escaping from his mild reticence
Twinkled its gleam and
Lit the vista of his polished mind,
And always after we looked for him
With eager wistfulness—
Not withdrawing, but withholding;
Not miserly but unprodigal of his own quality

He observed the human spectacle
With a gentle derision
That saw not much hope for it
And turned to the silver moonlight of the Dunes
As a better thing.

Always he flashed and withheld
Like a lighthouse revolving:
The Flash, and the absence.
A lighthouse throwing its fleet ironic ray
Upon the rocks and shallows of an existence
Which held no temptation to him but of laughter.

MARY HASTINGS BRADLEY.

From Louis Bromfield

It seems to me that with the death of Henry Fuller, a gentle, intelligent and cultivated epoch in American literature came to an end. He was the last considerable gentleman of his particular age. When I think of him it is of his gentleness, his intelligence, his tolerance and a quiet humor that was almost plaintive. He lived over into a day when writing became an occupation that was often vulgar, almost always noisy and sometimes cheap. Yet he never resented the age of wise-cracks. I have discussed it with him and he was always interested, detached and quietly amused by a spectacle that was far from being congenial to his own taste.

Years ago I made his acquaintance through an ill-mannered and adolescent attack upon some of the writers of his own generation. In reply to the ill-mannered article he wrote gently, manifesting an interest in my own point of view and in the purposes and ideals of my own generation.

And out of this note grew a deep and cherished friendship—an odd friendship considering that we were separated by two generations. I have many letters from him, quite free of the condescension of an old man for a younger one. When I read in the *Paris Herald* that he was dead, I had the feeling that something definite had gone from my life which I could never replace. I had lost a friend and in the last analysis one has endless acquaintances but never more than a handful of friends.

He was that rarest and finest of things—a gentleman—and I think he understood what few of us in our generation understood—that being a gentleman is the most important thing of all. He had taste, intelligence, cultivation, consideration of others, and a quiet personal charm. What more could one ask in a friend? He was the most civilized American I have known.

LOUIS BROMFIELD.

From Arthur Bissell

During the short and hectic career of the "Drama Players," one of the early ventures in uplifting the Drama in Chicago, it was my good fortune as Secretary of the Society, to be thrown into almost daily and rather intimate contact with Henry B. Fuller.

The society was deluged with manuscripts of budding playwrights and through Mr. Fuller's friendship with Hamlin Garland, vice-president of the organization, he consented to accept the position of reader for the society.

He made his reports to me on the various plays submitted and I shall never forget his frequent visits to my office and his concise witty and withal kindly comments. Would that

I had been able to transcribe these reports; they were literary gems without one superfluous word.

These intimate interviews gave an insight to Mr. Fuller's character, his manner of thinking and power of analysis that no other contact could possibly have provided and he seemed to throw off at these times, his habitual shyness and reserve and allow his fancy to play without hindrance. It is difficult to describe the effect these experiences produced. While in after years I saw comparatively little of him, I always felt that this contact gave me an intimate glimpse of his real self and I shall always treasure the association.

ARTHUR BISSELL.

From Olivia Taft

My thought of Henry Fuller seems to center about our birthday celebrations. We were both born in the early part of January. Our habit of meeting began years ago with a little supper party given by my cousin, James Taft Hatfield, but naturally, through the years, the personnel of these meetings changed. Among the many recollections of those small gatherings of intimate friends, there stands out, in my mind, one incident which shows his well-known kindly attitude. One member of the group read some crude rhymes composed by a young colored student! The incongruities aroused our amusement. Mr. Fuller alone saw the pathos of it, and with his usual gentleness, remarked, "Should not the efforts of *anyone* who is truly trying to express himself, be sympathetically received?"

His love of the country is another side that I like to think of. He was fond of Palos Park and often came out to visit us. At that time our dear mutual friends, Mrs. Bartlett

and Miss Jessie, also lived there. We always planned tramps when Mr. Fuller came, in which the Peatties often joined us. On one of these walks, we started to pass a farm house along a path which was generally avoided on account of a notoriously fierce dog. The dog started toward us viciously. Mr. Fuller fearlessly held out his hand, spoke in a friendly tone, and, in an instant, the animal dropped his ferocious manner, wagged his tail and trotted confidently along by Mr. Fuller's side for some distance. This is just by way of illustrating his fondness for animals and his power over them.

OLIVIA TAFT.

From Alice and Roy Dickey

When, this year, the Christmas candles are lit on the long breakfast table, the shades drawn, the fireplace glowing, and the knocker begins to sound announcing the familiar guests who take Christmas cheer with us yearly, it will be hard to realize that the door will never open again to disclose the quizzically smiling face of Henry B. Fuller greeting the roomful of friends with quip and jest.

Our memories of Mr. Fuller are of just such moments, of the man rather than the writer, though his books occupy loved spaces on our shelves. He was so human, so lovable, so fond of delightful fooling. Our desk drawers are full of little notes sent by mail or tucked under the door, verses on a Valentine, amusing couplets accompanying the gift of a book or a rose, mock-serious letters asking "aid or advice for the struggling young writer, Henry B. Fuller (author)" as he would sign such notes. And he found as much fun in the verses tied to the Christmas gifts brought in on a tray for the last course at our Christmas breakfasts. One

can see him now chuckling audibly as he reads forth the card which has fallen to his share, or leans forward listening to those from further down the table. Conversation, persiflage, laughter, eddied around his place at the table, and the mere taking of another waffle could be subject for a merry quip.

It was not only at Christmas that he was with us, but a very frequent guest at our Sunday breakfasts, when the table was as long as for the holiday time. And sometimes, after breakfast was over and we would all congregate about the fireplace, to chat, or listen to someone at the piano, or a song or two, or an exchange of amusing experiences, he would sit along with us as the afternoon wore on and first one guest and then another would drift away, and finally just we three would remain in front of the fire, still talking, until night was upon us and we gathered once more around the diminished table for a "Sunday night supper" of three.

We have often wondered when we have heard those who knew him slightly speak of him as a very reserved man, a very shy man, a hermit, a man who lived unto himself and avoided contacts with his kind. Of all people Henry Fuller most welcomed, even invited contacts. Whether walking on the dunes, or in a city park, mingling with a group of people over friendly tea-cups, slipping quietly into a lecture room at the University—whatever he was doing, or wherever he was, he was alert for new contacts of interest.

And Youth was a passion with him. If he had been a rich man, YOUTH would have been endowed, for he hung upon its words, he listened to its ambitions, he dreamed of its fulfillment, he felt, pulse for pulse, the thrill of its high endeavors. It was this, we think, which made the campus a familiar tramping ground, even the sidelines at dances a

place of vivid interest. And many a young man could bear testimony to the encouragement, the help, the sustaining power, given him through the diffident words of Henry Fuller in chance encounter or repeated rendezvous.

When the circumstances surrounding the passing of Henry Fuller were pressing heavily upon our hearts, to the point of pain, and, as all friends are prone to do, we began wishing that this or that in his life might have been different and so, perhaps, happier, suddenly the realization came to us that no man had lived more nearly the life he loved, nor had out of life so much that he wanted, as Henry Fuller. To those of us with homes and families, the impulse was to think of him as lonely, but how far this is from the truth!

No man ever so successfully added friend to friend, nor had so many daily contacts with them. Perhaps not many with each, but many contacts divided among all. So that he passed from interest to interest, from one point of view to another, from man to woman, from family to individual, taking a draught from each that stimulated him. And yet with indomitable purpose and delicate skill keeping his own privacy inviolate. When he wrote, there were none to interrupt, no telephone calls from the many, no maids to disturb his papers, no waiting family table to demand his presence at dinner. He ordered his life as he wanted it, and, so ordered, he attained the pleasures of the intellectual epicure.

He got from life the thing he craved. Who of us could ask for him more?

ALICE AND ROY DICKEY.

From William Emery Shepherd

"I don't believe that I'll go into town after all." The short, distinguished, elderly gentleman in his bathing suit

Presented to Miss Louise L. Washburn, Munich, 1880.

And yet he is so wondrous fair,
That love for one so passing rare,
So peerless in his manly beauty
Were little else than solemn joo-ty.

sat down beside me and gazed off down the beach after the broad, efficient shoulders of his departing companion evidently bent on forage for a camp farther west in the dunes.

"May I sit down here with you?" The day was beastly hot and yet gorgeous under the intense rays of the afternoon sun,—the kind of a day when one lies dormant and allows the beauty of his evanescent surroundings to rise into gentle philosophical thoughts. One always is glad to have an older philosopher to share, to shape, and to spur on one's mental sparks. "Quo Vadis" was laid in the sand and the two in bathing suits pooled their joy of the day, the duneland, and the thoughts that come and go.

"Good-bye." The setting was to end a friendship of an afternoon then. Two atoms drawing apart along that beautiful seashore and one very loath to see the other go. A wave of the hand and he turned in to his camp.

Neither knew the other's name. The older man knew that the younger man was transferring from De Pauw University to the University of Illinois for his last two years of college and he saw him depart toward a certain town along the shore. Three weeks afterward the young fellow was more than surprised to receive a letter from the friend of the dunes. The name in full, the address—how was it done? Henry Blake Fuller laughed and refused to tell. Then at Christmas time he explained. The registrar at De Pauw supplied the names of those enrolled during the past year from the certain town and the registrar at Illinois supplied the address of the only one on the list who had enrolled at Illinois that fall!

That was the beginning of the greatest friendship one might hope to experience. Rich, full, and understanding.

constant, gentle, and true, Henry Blake Fuller was the most impersonal and kindliest spirit embodied in this age. He was one of those who "saw life steadily and saw it whole" and was willing to forego summaries and go on quietly watching. Interesting and instructive to him was all new life that reached forward for greater light and understanding. Admirable the young university student trundling a wheel-barrow during his vacation, sweet with possibilities the little child who greeted him as he passed. All new things were of interest as well as the old. Steadily he watched and quietly listened: his hand was on the pulse of the world and he moved in rhythm with it.

Almost unbelievable was the opportunity of having an entire summer abroad with this most beloved of men. He was a man of such balance and such a clear sweet view of all that this life may know of beauty, culture, and aspirant thought, a man of such exquisite fineness and charm, of such gentleness that he was a giant in proportions, that all who knew him cherished the time spent with him. A summer with him abroad was a golden gift indeed.

To even outline that summer would take space which I fear may not be allotted. How his gentle excitement at setting out to revisit old scenes quite threw me into a complimentary, delightful, breathless anticipation, how he showed me the sights of New York and was proud that by careful planning he could cover the main things in a day's time, how gently he held everyone to his place, how he refused to meet some of the great English literati because he disliked crowds, how he made notes below the edge of the luncheon table when a noted American author of many superlatives was discoursing and how he managed to guide the conversation in the channels desired, how he found the

Eton boys "not such a promising lot" and how he chuckled over the French with their mirrors and clocks that never run, and how he swung on and off English buses to the consternation of polite conductors, how he slipped lumps of sugar into his pockets for any horse he might meet, how his "whey, Puss" made many a feline slip nearer to be stroked, how he was willing to take movies as seriously as the opera and enjoyed them almost as much—all this may hope for a telling later.

Enough to say that in Henry Blake Fuller a young man had the greatest friend that he ever hoped to have and in him learned that the Golden Mean might be personified and might again return to the spirit without loss.

WM. EMERY SHEPHERD.

From Arthur Meeker, Jr.

I met Henry Fuller only once that I can remember, two years ago, at a lunch given by Harriet Monroe. Then we spoke of my mother, whom he had known when she was a little girl on Indiana Avenue. We didn't say anything about literature at all.

I wish we had, now. I would like to express, however badly, my deep conviction that his books, perhaps in compensation for the comparative neglect which his own contemporaries accorded them, have had a striking effect on the work of the youngest generation. Young writers in America today care much more about style than they did thirty years ago. We may be a touch over-conscious in this respect, we may err in placing undue emphasis on manner rather than matter,—but surely it was time the pendulum swung in this direction! And, as stylists, when we look for

inspiration to the group of writers who immediately preceded us, two names inevitably stand first, Edith Wharton and Henry B. Fuller.

I think, much as I admire Mrs. Wharton, that Mr. Fuller's style has, in its gentle unemphatic way, said more to the world than hers. He was less obviously a pupil of James; his contribution to permanent literature, though immeasurably slighter, is more definitely his own. *The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani* and *The Chatelaine of La Trinité* are original works, delicately fanciful, fine-wrought as old silver, shot with the sunlight gleams of a very pretty wit. I would rather have written them than almost any books I know.

This remarkable genius lived and worked in Chicago all his life. The literary world in general paid little attention to him. He is, however, having a posthumous revenge. Nine out of ten amongst our younger writers, I grant you, are trying their best to imitate Ernest Hemingway. But the tenth, almost certainly, will be following in the footsteps of Henry B. Fuller.

ARTHUR MEEKER, JR.

From Mrs. Philip Sidney Post

Dear Miss Morgan:

What you are doing for all the friends of Henry B. Fuller in making a memorial book about him is the thing which every friend of his would wish to do—but for which you are singularly qualified.

Henry B. Fuller and my husband Philip Sidney Post were loyal and congenial friends from the first days of their acquaintance in the early nineties! I recall my husband's pleasure in recounting stories of Henry Fuller's visits to Kenilworth where he was often the honored guest of his

intimate friends Edgar A. Bancroft, Alexander A. McCormick, Parmalee J. McFadden, Philip S. Post, in the house where these congenial bachelors were dispensing rare and lively hospitality. These five men were particularly intimate friends. Mr. Fuller outlived them all. I remember with appreciation the understanding and loving messages which he sent to me at the time of Mr. Post's death in 1920. He was a devoted friend. My own regret is that I was not able to see him more often during the last years of his life.

Many who are fully qualified will be writing you of the talent and taste and skill of Henry B. Fuller as a writer and lover of beauty; in their expression I shall find genuine satisfaction and gratitude.

Very sincerely yours,

JANET GREIG POST.

From Jane Addams

I have known Henry Fuller throughout the years since the establishment of Hull-House in 1889. He was much interested in our venture and very kind to us in various ways.

He had a vivid understanding of our neighbors in South Italy, as his books had demonstrated, and it was valuable to us that a distinguished citizen of Chicago was thus able to interpret the Settlement from their point of view as from ours.

His delicacy of perception and his skill as a recorder of human emotions were never more appreciated than by the group which met in our drawing room every Saturday evening as the friends of Italy.

JANE ADDAMS.

PASQUALE'S PICTURE

By Henry Fuller, 1898

Abridged by Anna Morgan

I

"But supposing he were not to come, after all?" asks old Assunta with some anxiety.

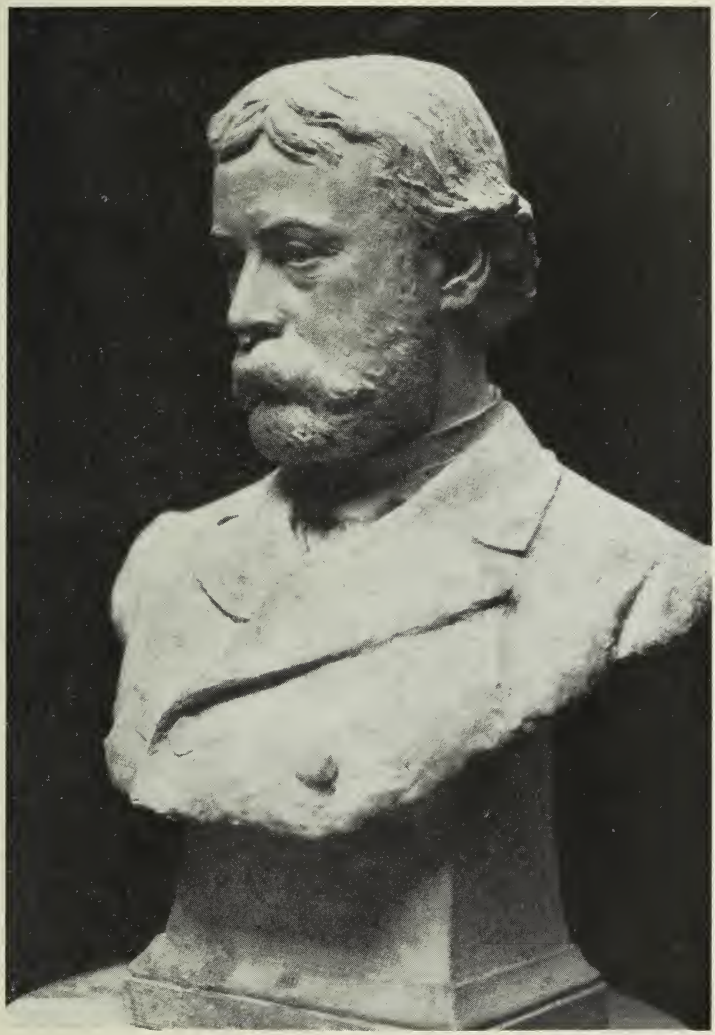
"Never fear, *madre mia,*" returns Pasquale, confidently. "Have I not said that he is a *gran signore inglese*? He will do as he has promised."

Ah, that was a day long remembered in Murano. What a wave of excitement rippled over the town, what an impulse of curiosity brought everybody flocking to old Assunta's house!

Pasquale is the hero of the hour. For the *gran signore* with whom he spent a day on the lagoon last week is coming to Murano expressly to make Pasquale's picture. So he stands here this sunny afternoon amidst his circle of friends and acquaintances; and he wears a mighty black felt hat upon his shapely head, and the big collar of a wonderful new plaid shirt—his mother's express make—lies over his broad, square shoulders; and Assunta regards him with a fond pride, and Lucia with a timid adoration, while everybody, flocking down and around, choruses the advantage of having made such a friend.

And, best of all, the picture is to remain Pasquale's own.

Ah, but here is the *signore inglese* coming up the canal this very moment. Catarina at her window is sourly surveying the whole scene. Aha! when has old Catarina ever had a guest like this? And everybody hastens to help the signor alight. Ho, there! pass out the three-legged box with the hole in it! Here, Gigi, you young rascal, take this other



By Lorado Taft, Sculptor, 1894

box full of bottles and things, and mind you have a care! Welcome, *Eccellenza,* to Murano!

Thanks to this gracious gentleman, they shall have Pasquale with them always, after this. When he goes to Venice now and then, he will yet leave himself behind in Murano. Ah, what a joy this portrait would always remain for them!

S' accomodi, Eccellenza. Where shall we stand this strange machine? And where shall we put all these curious little bottles, each with a different color and each with a different smell?—Yes, that will do very well—*bene, benissimo.* And now we will proceed with the picture without loss of time. Let the good Pasquale stand just about here, please, and rest his eye about there, and keep very quiet just a moment. Now, then. Girolamo sniffs; he has seen the same thing done—*Dio mio,* how many times!—over in Venice itself. Assunta crushes him with one look. Quiet, please, my friends. A deep silence falls, while the great miracle is being wrought. An old crone scuffling by is frozen into stone by a multitude of hisses. Not a soul whispers.—There, now; that's all.

What! done already? 'Sh! the signor is asking old Assunta for a dark room and a candle-end. Mystery! Perplexed Assunta—what shall she do? A dark room and a candle! Was this all quite—quite right and proper?

Oh, yes, indeed; right and proper, and quite indispensable. So the magician is lost to the general gaze for a few minutes. When he returns his finger-tips are more or less stained and discolored, and he carries in one hand a square sheet of glass which he treats very carefully and scrutinizes closely, with one eye shut. Oho! this, then, is the picture! Come now; let us see how it looks.

Yes, but *is* it the picture, after all? How can it be?—this

poor, pale, yellow affair that is not to be seen at all save when held just so, and that looks quite as much like anybody else as like Pasquale. Our new friend is doubtless very kind and very clever, and means well enough; but—Pasquale himself is quite crestfallen, and Assunta looks very dubious indeed.

The signor takes all this with a careless smile; then, in due course, he pulls out a sharp lead pencil, and makes a few dots and scratches here and there on the shadowy face before him. Girolamo laughs aloud; the enraged Assunta glares with almost equal severity on both. And then the signor, with a reproving shake of the head, sets down the glass very carefully in full sunlight, and directs everybody to fall back beyond the possibility of throwing a shadow upon the image. So, then, there is something more to be done still; perhaps this isn't the real picture after all. Why, look! look! I beg of you! The signor has placed a bit of paper under the glass, and the paper is turning black before our very eyes! This, then, is the picture, the real picture, at last! *Evviva! Ev—*

Quiet, my good people, for just a moment more. One or two small things still to be done, and then the picture will be ready to look at, to touch, to do what you please with. But for the present, *pazienza.* Then comes the last act of all in this thrilling drama: the signor whips out a sharp little pair of scissors from his vest pocket, trims the picture along the edges, fastens it deftly upon a stiff piece of cardboard, gives it a parting rub with his elbow, and then, holding it high overhead in his splotched and stained fingers, gayly cries:—

"Eccolo! Ecco nostro bravo Pasquale!" And then, with a flourishing bow and an added *"Complimenti,"* he hands it over to the gondolier.

At last, the picture! It is *stupendo;* it is *magnifico!* Won-

der; delight; ecstasy! When has Pasquale ever been so proud and happy? And when, *when* has old Assunta ever been beheld in such a transport as this? With a loud scream of delight she catches the picture from Pasquale's hand, kisses it again and again, and bursts into a flood of happy tears. "Look!" she cries; "look! See the eyes, the mouth, the hair, and every single little button on the shirt! Ah, *veramente,* it is my own dear son!" Oh, was there another such son in all Murano? And was there another such picture in all the world?

Comparative quiet comes presently; and the signor, who has been constrained for the moment to turn away his face,—humbly thankful, perhaps, to have been made the instrument of so great a joy,—becomes himself again, and says that his little task is done, and that if they will allow him to wash his hands he will get his things together and try to reach Venice before sunset.

Ho, friends, the *gran signore* stands to depart! Hi, Gigi, you little monkey, lend a hand again with all those things! Ha, what is it you have let drop? Alas! it is the glass picture that falls upon the pavement and breaks into a thousand fragments, you careless wicked boy! No matter, my friends; you have the paper picture all safe, and that is the chief concern. So, then, good-bye. The brave Pasquale will himself conduct his Excellency back to Venice. Again, then, *addio! A rivederci! Buon viaggio! Addio, Eccellenza!* And so they go down the canal, Pasquale's vast hat flapping to and fro in exact accord with the rhythmical movements of his strong and supple frame, and the *gran signore* gayly waving his cap with one hand and vigorously brandishing his stick with the other, until a quick turn in the middle distance puts them altogether out of sight.

II

What need to say how precious the picture became in old Assunta's eyes; how jealously it was guarded from all harm or mishap; how proudly it was displayed before the admiring gaze of friends and privileged visitors?

But if the picture was precious now, how doubly precious was it to become hereafter! Oh, fatal day—the day when Pasquale went over the lagoon to Venice, and was brought back stark and dripping, with his dark locks all matted together and his bright eyes forever closed! Terrible was old Assunta's anguish when they brought his dead body back to Murano; and less violent, but no less intense and inconsolable, was her grief when, the day following, the little funeral train glided back from San Michele and left Pasquale still to float on and on, eternally, with all the Venice that had been and was not.

When Assunta entered the familiar but blighted chamber, the picture, now fastened on the wall, met her first glance. Ah, the picture! In her great distress she had all but forgotten it, and now her Pasquale, dead and buried though he be, smiles gravely and fondly down upon her. A thousand blessings upon the good Madonna who had sent so kind a friend to leave them such a memorial as this! Tears of gratitude mingle with tears of grief, and the acuteness of her first sorrow is over and past. Their Pasquale is with them yet. The picture shall remain where it now is, a perpetual shrine, and he shall be present to them always, always —morning, noon, and night.

There are those upon whom fate enjoins the graceless task of being cruel to be kind; and there are those to whom it assigns the infinitely harder lot of being kind but to be cruel.

The genial young gentleman who whiled away an idle afternoon in that old Italian town never knew what a trail of doubt and despair and utter desolation his visit left, in the end, behind him. And may he never learn!

It is only the third morning after Pasquale's death, and Assunta stands there before his picture, her hands tightly clasped together and her face clouded with doubt and anxiety. She rubs her old eyes; can it be that they are coming to be less sharp and sure than they have been heretofore?

"It seems to be fading," she murmurs,—"fading!"

Ah, my gay and gracious young amateur, are you quite sure that in all the haste and excitement of the moment you carried out completely every step of your process? Let us but hope so, for old Assunta's sake.

"Oh, what a pity it is that it should not have stayed as it was at first. But no matter; it is still our Pasquale—*caro!*"

A sudden thought strikes Lucia. She looks anxiously, timidly, compassionately at the old woman, yet cannot find the heart to say a word. But she watches the picture. There seems to be no change at the end of one hour; none at the end of two. By afternoon, however, there *is* a change—the picture is dimmer; only a little, but dimmer all the same. Assunta sees it too. And they both feel together that the picture not merely has faded, but is fading all the time. And neither dares ask the other how all this is going to end.

Assunta feels that something must be done, and done at once. To whom shall she turn? She comes to a decision: she will go to the *librajo,* that little old man who keeps a shop around the corner, who sells books that the learned can read, who has that beautiful image of the Madonna in his window. Why hadn't she thought of him before? There was a man who would know all about pictures, in-

deed!—let him be consulted without loss of time. And the *librajo* comes blinking to the front of his dingy little shop, and holds the picture up to the light with his fat hands, and rambles vaguely through a maze of words that has to do with everything but his own entire ignorance of the matter, and sends poor Assunta home with a dazed head and an aching heart.

She dreads tomorrow. How will the picture look then? she asks herself a thousand times over. When tomorrow comes she is standing before the picture—which is now duller and dimmer than ever—questioning, with locked fingers and a tear-worn face, if no agency nor any power can stop this dread fatality. Is she doomed to remain in helpless contemplation of such slow-wrought ruin? Must she watch powerlessly the sparkle fade from those bright eyes, the smile pass away from those fond lips? No; there is help for her—there must be—somehow, somewhere. She will go to the *parroco,* who has never failed her yet in time of need. She will lay the whole matter before him and pray for his assistance.

So, with the picture in her hand, she trudges confidently through the sun—the fierce and blinding sun, the cruel, remorseless, destructive sun, that is but too surely undoing all that he had done for them—to the house of the parish priest. Oh, who would have believed it? Who could have thought it true? The *parroco* himself, her main prop, her chief reliance, to fail her at a time like this! Sick and dizzy and despairing, she turns her weary steps homeward.

The picture goes on fading. Every half-hour brings its difference now. With a strong light and an intent regard the several features may yet be distinguished; but they are fading, fading, fading all the time, as stars do before the

crude and garish coming of the cold first light of a winter morning; and now and then some one of them goes out altogether and for aye. Finally comes the day—Assunta is at home alone—when even the outline of the general mass fades away as all else has faded, and the old woman, pressing her fingers to her aching eyes, and giving out a bitter and hopeless cry, feels that now, indeed, Pasquale has gone from her forever, and that a universal darkness has overtaken all things.

"I have lost him twice!" she wails, and falls back utterly crushed and broken.

And yet after all this, does there not remain one final resort that cannot fail? Is there not one power to whom she can make a last and sure appeal? She rises from the fragments of her scanty repast, new vigor in her step and fresh resolution in her face. She locks the door, crosses the courtyard, turns down the riva, and directs her steps toward the cathedral. The neighbors cannot counsel her; the *parroco* cannot assist her; she will appeal to the pity of the Blessed Madonna herself.

Lucia returned home at twilight. The house stood deserted: no light, no fire, no inmates. On the table were the scanty remnants of Assunta's midday meal, but Assunta herself was nowhere to be seen. Some vague instinct prompted the girl to direct her search toward the cathedral. There appeared to be no one within; the church seemed to stand altogether empty. Or, no; not quite. For from the darkening glory of the apse an immemorial Madonna frowned down her grim and inexorable refusal; while on the chill altar steps below, a heartbroken old woman, with a faded brown card clutched in her stiffening fingers, bowed her gray head meekly and eternally before this court of last appeal.

HENRY B. TO CLIFFORD RAYMOND

5411 Harper Ave., July 17, 1929.

My dear Mr. Raymond:

I feel prompted to thank you for your column on Wilder. It all reminds me of another young Middle-Westerner who, at the age of twenty-eight or thereabouts, after a year or so in Italy, attempted in *his* turn a lofty flight, doing it all in his own way and not giving a damn for the previous performances of others. A bit indifferent, too, about carefully-prepared copy, and rather optimistic about proof reading, his own and that provided by publishers. My heart, in fact, quite goes out to Wilder: I look back forty years and see my earlier self, in a dozen different ways.

The reception accorded *The Bridge* astounds me. *Have* such things a public, after all? Was I forty years too soon? Is civilization, so long delayed, finally overtaking us? To clinch the matter, *The Cabela,* which is quite equal (in conception), and twice as forceful, ought to have its run in turn. If *that* happens, I shall lop off twenty years and try again.

But disquieting things develop. When I hear that W. is sold for four years ahead, and that *The Bridge* is headed for the films, and that (as he himself advises me) his next book is founded on the *Andria* of Terence, I clutch both sides of my chair and take a long breath. Oo-o-gh!

And now I must jump on you for your confessed, or implied, support of the benumbing doctrine of Regionalism. I'll give you dear old Howells and dear young Garland, but not immortal Wm.'s well-fleshed *Antony and Cleopatra* nor the charming and perdurable wax-works of Racine. The subject might be continued, but I see I have just enough

room left to waft a word (viâ your obliging self) to Our Tiffany, back at the galley-oar after his fling round the Mediterranean.

Yours sincerely,

H. B. Fuller.

From Frederick Richardson

LAST WORK OF HENRY B. FULLER

One evening in the Fall of 1928, at South Salem, N. Y., I was dining at Richard Lawrence's. We talked of Italy, of those who had written well of Italy, and of *The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani.* At the end of his praise of this book my host asked: Why does not Mr. Fuller write another *Chevalier?* Why, indeed, I had so often been asked. A few days later at breakfast with Edwin Lefevre, in New York, again the *Chevalier* came into the talk. That book! said Lefevre, I held that book before me when I first began to write; but does Fuller intend never to write another like it?

In my next letter to Fuller I wrote of these talks, quoting the praise, and asking: "Why don't you write another *Chevalier,* Henry? A book with all that charm recaptured, the atmosphere and aroma of Etruria, and so on. Anyway, give me an alibi; I have exhausted my invention on reasons why you don't write another *Chevalier.*"

The first reply to this was dated Nov. 11th, 1928, from Indianapolis where he was visiting.

Dear F. R. . . . Thanks for the kind words about my early Italian book. Was so encouraged that I at once composed the first paragraph of another. (And there it sticks.)

Next, back in Chicago, Nov. 28th.

. . . About another *Chevalier*—am afraid such a book would run so counter to present-day taste that nobody would publish it; and sure I can't print *another* book at my own expense. I'd better try for a short story or two and thus get ready to pay that note.

Then, Jan. 6th, 1929.

Lookit! Lookit! A new typewriter-ribbon! I know you will be surprised, shocked, disgusted, and Discombobberated to get another letter so soon; but you must know the truth.

Why a new ribbon? Because I've prepared for a large job. What job? A new book. What kind of a book? The kind F. R. has been asking for. Yes, another *Chevalier,* with aroma and perfume (see yours of Nov. 23) to burn.

I wheeled in, the first of the year, on this typewriter of Hobart's (presented on the assumption that a book was to be written), and have done six chapters in six consecutive days—with two or three planned ahead. So you see I've got my subjick, my momentum, and my "tone." The rest will come easy.

This [PRIVATE] is to be a Mediterranean book, beginning in Paris and going as far east as the Island of Rhodes (look it up): Provence, Spain, Algiers, Italy, Dalmatia, Switzerland (now on the Meddy), or what have you. It is all very exhilarating to me, and I hope it may be the same to you (if it ever gets printed), kind reader and severe critic, as they say. Yes, your poor Henry is going to have a final "peep." After which, the Curtain.

Jan. 16th.

. . . My book proceeds; and you, if anyone, are entitled to know about it. Sixteen chapters in eighteen days. Have written 35,000 words, *and* type written them. Never have had such a free flow of invention, or such an easy run of language. About six chapters more, and the thing is done—though I can always interpolate a few more. Plot? I'll give you a "graph."

(The drawing cannot be reproduced, but it looks like dots scattered over a telegraph line.)

That is to say, four or five characters taken from my three early Italian books, but all speckled over with newer and younger characters—birds on the telegraphs. The darndest lot of new folks you ever heard of.

Book begins and ends in Paris—home of *arts et métiers.* Then—Provence; Montserrat, in Spain (the "Montsalvat" of Parsifal); mid Spain and Gibraltar; Algiers and Tunisia; Island of Rhodes: Athens: Syracuse; Lecce (in Apulia) for Baroque architecture; the Adriatic; Dalmatia; Venice and the Lido; Verona (where the British poet harangues the municipal council on the commercialization of Romeo and Juliet); Lake of Garda; the (imaginary) Conference of "Lusanro"—which will fix reparations and end war; Brescia, where the bronze Victory is saved from the American plutocrat; and so on. The next chapter will be Lausanne (sentimental) where old memories will revive.

Going some? Kindo'! I won't stop to tell you about the people, but they keep me on the jump. Still, I seem to thrive on it all: folks frequently tell me I'm looking well. . . .

Well, no more. I'm at Lausanne (or Ouchy) where the Chatelaine of La Trinité and the Comtesse de Feuillevolante

(once Aurelia West, of Ohio) will meet for the first time in thirty-five years. One has a ward and the other a son, and there will be a wedding in the last chapter at the Madeleine. Oh, they keep me busy!! I can't tell you about my Aviator, or about the sale of the Roman amphitheatre in Africa. And don't *you* tell anybody, either.

So long! I'm beginning to see the mountains of Savoy, across Lac Léman.

P. S. If only the Am. reading public were worth writing for!

Jan. 25th.

You must be in a devil of a state to *get* into such a state. If you have reached that state in the fine weather you describe, what would be your state if you had been living here the past month! It's been hellish—the worst in years; and me writing through it all about Venice and Verona, and the Sands of the Sahara!

Chicago, December 30, 1928—January 24, 1929.

Four weeks of (practically) sleepless nights, given to planning; and same no. of days given to writing and rewriting. Yet I seem to feel none the worse for it. Just before your E. F. arrived, I was doing a wedding at the Madeleine, my troop having got back to Paris again. Bride: Doña Maria-de-la-Luz Iribis y Dorado. Groom: Count Maurice de Feuillevolante, son of an American mère. Even the grouchy Duke of Avon and Severn, nephew of the old'un in the *Chevalier,* enjoyed the ceremony: and the old Chevalier (now aged 60) was present, though uninvited, and gave the young couple the choice between Nuova York and Buenos Aires. And so it goes. . . .

Well, I *am* a little tired. Oh, to lie awake all night, *now,* and have nothing to think of!! If I could only get a *different* idea for a *different* book, I'd go at it next week. . . .

But . . . Be still sad soul, and cease repining. The next thing is to find out how cruel the N. Y. publishers will be.

Feb. 1st.

Never mind about my belly; the book is did. It went off to N. Y. about fifteen minutes after your letter was received. 51,000 words twice written in 30 days. When I told you *before* that it was did, I was a dom liar. Having got to going, I found I couldn't stop: kept on with more chaps. (Wrote a Chap. 6, and, for a finish, wrote a chap. 2). Think of all the re-numbering of the 146 sheets!

Returning to my belly: it has never been the same since the spring of '23 when I had my breakdown here, just before starting East to see you. Sometimes better, and sometimes worse, but never right. So, for quite a while, I've never been sure of my sthummick and my temper. It may all help Literature, or hurt it—I dunno. If Literature is really "a disease," as some maintain, perhaps being out of kilter helps the cause along.

Feb. 12th.

[Darn it, the bank is shut and I can't get any money—only 42c for the day.]

Have written 4 chaps. on my new book (7500 wds.) I call it my Elephant book, because it is going to be long, slow and heavy—to last the winter. "So different from" the other, which I call a Kangaroo book (since it's on the constant jump), or a Chamois book, since it's everlastingly leaping from crag to crag and requests the reader to skip

along with it. The present one is a large-city book—city not specified.

Feb. 19th.

I've done 15,000 wds. on the new book, without feeling much confidence in the outlook. Usually, I *know,* even if nobody else gets to; but this time I'm "rasslin'." No harm, as there is no time limit; and mebbe (again) some discipline. The first book was about lots of people in lots of places (so far). A City—unspecified. Only a few hundred words a day, as I may feel like it.

Mar. 26th.

My second book (at which I peg away without much faith) is half done.

April 15th.

Knopf says he is beginning soon on my book. Don't know, yet, how it will appear; mebbe as an ordinary $2.50, mebbe as a sort o' de luxe.

My other book has got to 56,000. Two or three more chaps. will finish it this week.

Send me an idea for a third—"seems like" (Indiana) this machine couldn't stop.

April 22nd.

Finished my second last Thursday and sent it to N. Y. It's practically a Chi. story, and debunks the screen. Had meant to write 65,000 or 70,000, but ran out in a whirlwind finish, with no harm, in 60,000. Now for a great big poultice of a thing, with stuffing, padding, and what not, so as to make a mass 100,000. People love "language."

My *Gardens* comes out next "fall," in the language of the contract. MS in pub'r's hands soon enough to make it Oct., so he says. Dedication to H. C. C.-T., who gave me this machine, and to whom I expect to show Synopsis next Sat., at lunch, on his arrival from Cal.

My next book must be "different,"—no Italy, no Chicago, no sex, no stink, no mystery, no murder. What is left?—that is the question. Fairy tale, bedtime story, philosophical romance? I dunno. Perhaps ALL NINE!! Oh, I forgot: no love interest, for in both my books "they" marry in the end. But at the close of the second I do everything to prevent a "clinch" and a "Fade-out." It's in a crowd, at a garden tea. Other at Madeleine in Paris.

Sure, you can speak about the other. Only, don't holler, as things are a long way off as yet.

May 12th.

Came home last night, at 11. from a dinner at the College Club to find this wire: " 'Not on the Screen' superb. A privilege to publish it. Will write shortly. Knopf."—So it seems as if No. 2 would go off, all right. From the way I feel at present, No. 3 may be in the South of France, about 1825. Should like to be over there for a week or two. . . .

Making my last howl for "fame." If I were to get some money, next year, I might possibly go to Parus and So. Frawnce. Still, what's the use hoping? All I can expect will be a few more squirms to be remembered by.

"Not on the Screen" as a title, is Private. It's a good one, and just right for the book. It begins, continues, and concludes with the "movies" in mind. . . .

Theatre programmes rec'd. Giddy Goer! Me, I've seen nothing but "Dracula" (Money wasted—by H. C. C.-T.;

who, however, gets the dedication of No. 1. Didn't he gimme this machine?). You give me a motor-car or a trip to Europe (anyway, ticket there and back), and I'll dedicate No. 2 to you.

May 25th.

I've got the right contract for No. 2; and as long as you didn't send me an idea for No. 3, I found one for myself: south of France 1815-1830—and a helova job. Lots of reading and study—but the thing couldn't be published for more than a year, anyway. It's to fill in the long summer mornings and evenings.

P. S. Garland writes that my talk about a third book strikes him as a kind of treason to Old Age. What if there should be Four? F.

June 6th.

Yep, *I've* signed for the second book, but they don't send me the other copy. Well, Well, Well. . . .

Meanwhile, I'm heaving ahead on the proofs of the first. Not far enough into the story, as yet, to make reading for youse.

June 19th.

I finished my galley proofs yesterday, but must hold them for a while, so as to help in the reading of the page proofs. I am still surprised to have done, at 72, such a wonderful, lovely, beautiful, exquisite, varied, and altogether galorious book; still more so to have turned round, within a week, and have done another of the exactly opposite kind. No wonder that the Tafts and the Hatfields, a few Sundays back, had to take their collapsed genius to the hospital, and that No. Three is rather delayed. But this is all Poor

Henry's last outburst; he wants to confirm himself in the Record and leave something more and something better for his friends to remember him by, and to be commented upon (though absent from the fireworks) fifty years from now. . . .

As you may gather, I'm not quite well enough, this summer, to venture far from home. I've declined the Garlands, and I fear I must decline you, for all the new landscape and the familiarly-welcome company. As Doc. says: "Go slow; take it easy." . . .

June 27th.

Moi, I have still to do my page-proofs. Also Knopf writes this morning that he wants to put my second book in type soon—before which I shall revise the MS.

Well, the sooner I can dispose of all these proofs the better. I do want to leave two good books behind. When they're finally proof-read, it's all to the good for myself—or my heirs. I'm on a down-grade—long and slow, perhaps—but no fundamental improvement possible: so I want to make a creditable finish: possibly a little money for my young relatives, and SURELY a little credit among a dozen friends. But don't talk about "acclaim"—there never has been any, and there never will be. Not for another generation.

. . . I've had a mighty mean week, but am coming out from under it. I hope to rub along, with care, for another year or two; but I guess not another winter in Chi.

June 30th.

I was all wrong about the Book. It is horrid. It is dis-

gusting. I can't endure it. Neither will anybody else. So disappointed!

(Signed) Sick Man

July 4th.

Don't worry too much about me. While I shall never be A-1 again, nor even B-2, I'm picking up a little and expect to go on for some time.

My page-proofs (225) came at 10:15 last night, so I shall have my own little fireworks all day and mebbe to-morrow. As they are in duplicate, I may send you a set, as requested, for light summer reading. Furthermore, my second book, after revision, will be set up in a few weeks, and then my part of the work will be pretty well over; and then I can say, in the words of the song, "I don't care what becomes of me."

(Signed) Yours,
on
the
down-grade, but
ing.
s
i
r

H. B. F.

P. S. June 2nd. I had a small catch or kink in the brain, which benumbed right arm and leg. The kind Tafts and Hatfields rushed me to hospital, where a handy Dr. put a bitter pill under my tongue and "made me well" in short order. F.

Chi., July 20—or mebbe it's the 21st, I dunno.

My books is all right, I guess. All I ask of the Dear Lord and my Dear Publisher is a chance to read, soon, the final

page-proofs of the first book and the galley proofs of the second (with hopes for the page-proofs of *them**). After which, let thy servant depart in peace, leaving his memory to the cyclopedias.

When I get my second page-proofs, I'll send on a copy of ye first—good summer reading for you and your cultivated circle. Such a goddam lovely little book, tho' I'm goddam sick and tired of it.

This was the last letter to me.

FREDERICK RICHARDSON.

*A part of Henry Fuller's wish was fulfilled. He read the final page-proofs of the first book, *Gardens of This World*. But he did not live to see the galley proofs of the second, *Not on the Screen*. He died on July 28th, 1929, a week after this last letter of his to Frederick Richardson.

ANNA MORGAN.

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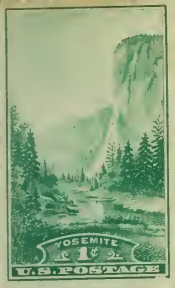
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